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The American Girl

For All Girls—Furnished by the Girl Scouts

JUNE, 1933



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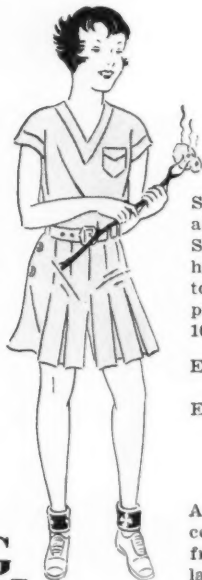
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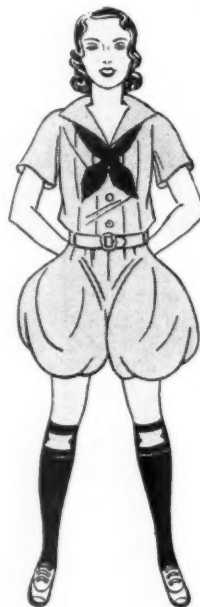


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FOR
ALL
GIRLS

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE
570 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Along the Editor's Trail

ONE of the greatest troubles with Marcia is that she believes we should all think alike," remarked Grace.

"You mean, we should all think as she thinks," said Eleanor, settling her back more firmly against the apple tree. "If a hundred people agreed on something and Marcia held the opposite opinion, she'd be convinced that they were all utter fools and she was the only wise person in the group. She calls it 'sticking' to her 'guns.'"

"Well, whatever she calls it, it's most unpleasant. That's why I should much prefer to leave her out of our week-end party. What do you all think?" Marjorie's gray eyes rested on the three girls lounging on the grass in the lazy June sunlight. "You haven't said anything, Jane."

Jane, looking like a child of ten, for all her sixteen years, lifted her small red head from the yellow cushion on which it had been resting and leaned on one elbow. "This pillow," she murmured, "is most deceptive. It looks soft, but it's really filled with gravel."

"Why in the world do you need a pillow, anyway?" exclaimed Eleanor.

"Because I always feel more responsive to Nature when I'm comfortable. I've never been able to understand why it's considered more virtuous and nature-loving to suffer by sitting on hard ground when one——"

"——when one might enjoy the same sights and sounds from a lawn chair," finished Grace. "We know. But that hasn't anything to do with Marcia."

"If Marcia were a nation instead of a girl, she would always be going to war with other nations,"



said Jane. "And not only about big things, but about small things that didn't matter at all."

"Do you remember," Eleanor asked, "the day that Emily North had her hair cut very short? Marcia stormed at her and told her she looked a fright and made an impassioned speech then and there about follow-

ing queer fashions, until anyone listening would have thought Emily had committed a major crime."

"And then there was the election!" Marjorie groaned. "Why she talked as though the world would come to an end if everyone didn't vote as her father and mother were going to!"

"She's so sincere," said Grace, "that one can't help respecting her. And she has a good mind."

"I wonder," said Jane, "if any mind so closed to other people's points of view can be called a good one. I once heard a friend of father's say that intolerance and lack of understanding are close to ignorance. It's grand to have opinions and a code of one's own, but it's unintelligent not to recognize that while your opinions and code may be the proper ones for you, other people have a right to theirs."

"Then you think we'd better not ask her, Jane?"

Jane rose. "That depends, Marjorie, on whether we want to spend from Friday to Monday being made over according to Marcia's pattern of the 'perfect human being'. Personally, I'd rather stay home with a good book of sermons."

Grace sighed. "Do you suppose she realizes why she's not being invited places?"

Eleanor shook her head. "That's the trouble with having a closed mind. You can't get outside and look at yourself from another angle."

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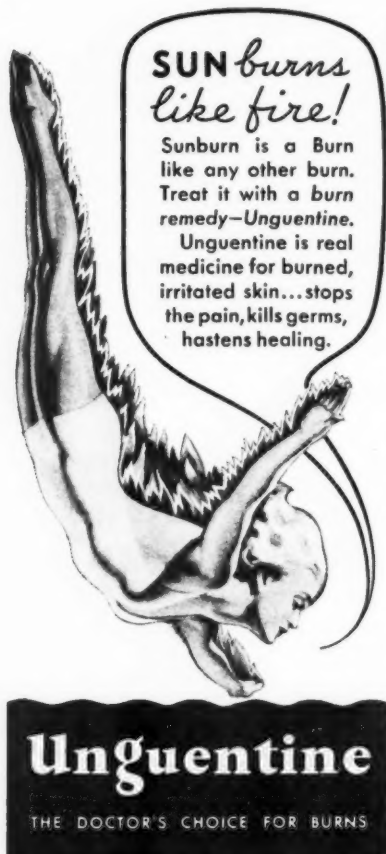
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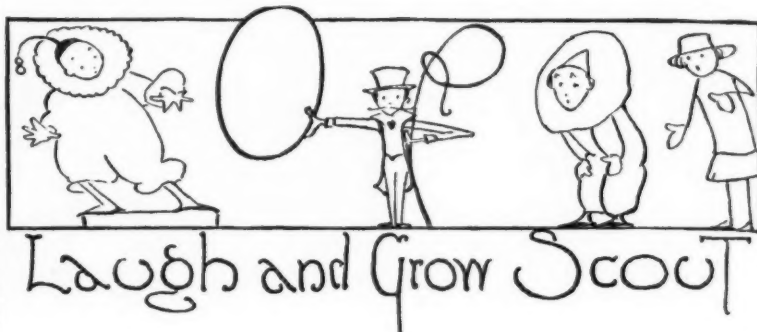
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Well Stocked

"You are charged, Ed Harrell, with stealing five chickens, four ducks, two goats and a donkey. And you say you are not guilty?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"Perhaps you would like to employ counsel and defend the case. Have you any money?"

"No, Judge."

"Have you any property on which you could raise money?"

"Yes, sir. I have five chickens, four ducks, two goats and a donkey."—Sent by MARGARET McKEEL, Aboskie, North Carolina.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Bumper Crop



"What a queer looking garden you have," said Jones to Smith. "I've never before seen such plants cultivated."

"It's this way," explained Smith as he surveyed the results of his labor, "last year when I planted roses nothing but weeds came up, so this year I planted weeds."—HOPE L. NELSON, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Compliment?

Jones was at a dinner party. He was shy and nervous, and could never summon up courage to speak because of his inability to say anything neat. All the evening he had been trying to think of something nice to say to his hostess. At last he thought he saw his chance.

"What a small appetite you have, Mr. Jones," said his hostess with a smile.

"To sit next to you," he replied gallantly, "would cause any man to lose his appetite."

—Sent by PHYLLIS TRIMBERGER, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Happy Landing

JAMES: Did you ever hear that my brother got locked up in a dynamite factory?

LARRY: No, I didn't. What's it all about?

JAMES: He lit a match and landed over in Rhode Island.

LARRY: Did you recover his body?

JAMES: Why, he wasn't killed. He was saved by Providence.—Sent by SUSANA DELA CRUZ, Wailuku, Hawaii.

A Feminine Foible

The hired girl had been sent down to the brook to fetch a pail of water, but stood motionless gazing at the flowing stream.

"What's she waiting for?" asked the mistress who was watching.

"Dunno," wearily replied the master. "Perhaps she hasn't seen any she likes yet."—Sent by KATHLEEN WALL, Dayton, Ohio.



Not this Savage Breast

An Indian, who was visiting a trading post in the West, heard a white man play a piano for the first time.

The Indian gave this report on the piano: "Paleface, him punch teeth of big box; big box, him holler."—Sent by DOROTHY McCANN, Beaumont, Texas.

Something to Crow About

POLLY: Those roosters kept me awake this morning with their crowing.

BROTHER: Don't complain about the roosters. When you get up early you crow about it for days.—Sent by KATHRYN HENDERSON, Sedalia, Missouri.



Safe Base

BULLDOG: I hear you've been making remarks about me—calling me bowlegged.

PUP: What I really said was that you seem to have a broad foundation.—Sent by JUNE ALLEN, Agness, Oregon.

Take Your Pick

WILLIE: I've added these figures ten times now, sir.

PROFESSOR: Good boy.

WILLIE: And here's the ten answers.—Sent by MARY JO RUSSELL, Camden, Arkansas.

Good Spy Needed

WILLIE: Pa, what's a garden plot?

PA: The bugs and worms planning to eat your stuff up.—Sent by BETTY JEAN HEATH, Indianapolis, Indiana.



LETTERS keep pouring in from you from almost every state telling us how much you like *The Hoodooed Inn*. It's been interesting to see your reactions to the new serial. The first instalment somewhat caught your attention. Not very securely, however, because you were still sharing with Rosalind her turns of Fate under Henry the Seventh. It was like the shock that comes from a sudden dip in a mountain lake to transport you from Mary Tudor's romantic experiences to Pan's rather harrowing but everyday ones in the Catskills. Pan might have been you. You knew it and weren't sure you liked it. But the third instalment has so pleased you that our desk is piled high with your praise.

THIS month's instalment may give Mary Lou Foster of Rockville Centre, New York a certain satisfaction. Mary Lou wishes *THE AMERICAN GIRL* would publish a story that didn't "turn out very well". She wants "something to turn out wrong for a change." What do you think of Pan's cracking the blue pitcher, Mary Lou? Didn't that give you a pleasant feeling of disappointment? It did me—even though I knew so much depended on its being perfect.

MARGARET GIBSON of Eau Claire, Wisconsin is "very much interested in the new serial and also likes very much the articles by Winifred Moses." Betty Acton of Salem, New Jersey agrees with Margaret and adds that Miss Moses's screen became "an excellent handicraft problem for the troop." Jean Hacker of Indianapolis thinks "*The Hoodooed Inn* is swell." To Elizabeth Haas of Chicago "it is marvelous" while "*Horse of Another Color* is simply grand." Betty Wheeler of Towanda, Kansas is sure that "*The Hoodooed Inn* which has been very exciting to me is one of the best stories ever published."

ALTHOUGH we are several issues removed from the International number, may we insert this one paragraph on it—Marion McElhattan of McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania thought "the stories were all very good but I liked the cover best of all. It was just gorgeous. I love brilliant colors and am a collector of snapshots. I should certainly love to have a snapshot of the fruit carrier on the cover. I liked her bright bandanna and great big earrings."

COINCIDENCE alone explains two letters both written on the same day, one from Barbara Leigh Grass of Alta Loma, California, the other from Gladys Zarobsky of Cicero, Illinois. Both girls have so much liked the April issue that they "simply

Well, of All Things!

had to write." Barbara says "it took my breath away. Think of having stories about Ellen, Patsy, Cynthia and Pan and *I Am a Girl Who*—all in one issue!" While from her part of the country Gladys says almost the same thing—"The April issue couldn't have been better. Think of having Ellen, Cynthia, Patsy and Pan, the lovable character of our serial, all in one issue. It's simply keen. I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for over two years, and think it is the best magazine on the market. I am sure everyone who reads it heartily agrees with me."

A FAVORITE story for April was *Patsy Flies Inco*. Catherine M. Gregg of Hamilton, Virginia asks for "another one right away. I liked it awfully well, with *Horse of Another Color* running a close second." Here Catherine disagrees with Mary Card of Urbana, Illinois on the latter story. She asks us "please not to have any more like it." She doesn't like horse stories. But Mary "loves *THE AMERICAN GIRL*," she says. "It gets better as all other magazines get worse." Mary says amusingly that she has "a terrible time trying to read the magazine, though, for my younger sister 'swipes' it the moment it arrives."

THE HEROINE in *Corned Beef Hash* was certainly what you would call "homesick" for the good old U. S. A. writes Marjorie Muir of Bountiful, Utah, a new subscriber but an ardent one. Her enthusiasm reminds us of Mary Lee Craig of Cincinnati, Ohio, a part of whose delightful letter reads "I am almost a salesman for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. It was your magazine that made me a Girl Scout. So far I have got six girls reading the magazine. They never knew of it before." Elizabeth Rogers of Morristown, Tennessee thought "*Corned Beef Hash* was perfectly divine and so was Cynthia. I also very much enjoyed *I Am a Girl Who*—"

A PLEASANT letter comes from Jean Davis of Starke, Florida who tells us that she writes "only to let you know that I like *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. It has many good stories and many helpful advertisements." Ramona Button of Madison, Wis-

consin is one of those younger sisters who read "my sister's magazine every month and I love it."

VIRGINIA DONLEY of Carlsbad, New Mexico, must be going to be an editor some day for, "After reading *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years," so her letter reads, "I have never found an error in its printing or English." Evelyn Greenleaf of Billings, Montana gives an editorial opinion, too: "I don't think the poems in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* have any sense. Why don't you have any funny ones?"

OUR artists continue to receive both praise and unfavorable comment—which is very good. Robb Beebe's drawings for *The Hoodooed Inn* seem to depict the story's atmosphere with a precision that arouses your admiration. Joan Millard of Kenosha, Wisconsin is a Beebe fan; so are Helen Schaarschmidt and Loretta Valley of Dover, New Jersey who, in addition to liking Mr. Beebe's work, want more boarding school stories. Julia R. Bowman of Lancaster, Pennsylvania likes Edward Poucher's and Revere Wistehuff's covers equally well.

WE HAVE mentioned *Horse of Another Color* before this month but Ellen's new adventure certainly impressed you. Two California subscribers, Dora Hefley of Ft. MacArthur and Rosemary Holly of Doheny Park thought "Ellen showed spirit and courage." Shirley Cairns of Upper Montclair, New Jersey thought Mr. Muller's heroine "was at her best in this last story." Constance Husting of Mayville, Wisconsin thought the Ellen story "was a bit impossible but liked it just the same." Marjorie S. Resido of Silver Springs, Maryland liked the new Ellen story, too, and Priscilla Pillsbury of Manchester, Connecticut who is "crazy over horses" thought *Horse of Another Color* was "awfully cute."

THEN there's a first letter from Bismarck, North Dakota—Orma McCurdy "can't wait until I get my next copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I'm going to keep on taking it until I'm an old lady." "The girls in Edith Ballinger Price's stories talk just like the girls in our troop," so Gwen Johnston of Blackfoot, Idaho writes. Gwen will be glad to know that a coking Sea Scout story by her favorite author will shortly appear. That is good news for Ruth Birkhauser of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, too. We shall end our resumé for this month with a postscript from Helen La Roux Groves of Denver, Colorado who is "a new subscriber" and who finds *The Hoodooed Inn* "everything I was expecting."



Courtesy of the Kennedy Galleries, New York, New York.

The Sky

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

I saw a shadow on the ground
And heard a bluejay going by;
A shadow went across the ground,
And I looked up and saw the sky.

It hung up on the poplar tree,
But while I looked it did not stay;
It gave a tiny sort of jerk
And moved a little bit away.

And farther on and farther on
It moved and never seemed to stop.
I think it must be tied with chains
And something pulls it from the top.

It never has come down again,
And every time I look to see,
The sky is always slipping back
And getting far away from me.

*From "Under the Tree," copyright, 1922 by B. W. Huebsch.
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

JUNE • 1933

South Sea Adventure

UNCLE Bob Hathaway was conversing with the King of Maurua, and the monotonous drone of the two men's voices made Alice feel drowsy.

Through the open doorway of the bamboo house she could see the glittering water of the lagoon, and moored to the quay in front of the King's palace, Uncle Bob's schooner lying white and shining in the tropic sun. Palm trees hung motionless in the midday air. Alice would have liked to stretch out at full length on those soft woven mats and fall sound asleep. But that would never do. After all, you don't do that sort of thing in the presence of royalty.

The King of Maurua was named Umu-e-Amu, which means Roasted-and-Eaten; an indignity to which he had never been subjected since there he sat, quite regal in his brilliant *paven* and crown of hibiscus. Roasted-and-Eaten was conversing in French, for in his youth he had been edu-

By ARMSTRONG SPERRY

Illustrations by the author

cated in Tahiti, a French island which everyone who has seen it calls the Paris of the Pacific.

Alice was glad that she had always been rather good at French

herself, especially since the year she had spent in France with Aunt Emily, Uncle Bob's wife. For now, whenever the conversation became interesting, she could listen in on it! Usually the King and her uncle talked about government conditions, which was a bore, or about people she had never seen. But when it turned on the subject of business Alice became all ears. Uncle Bob was a pearl buyer and spent eight months of every year sailing his schooner through the islands of the South Seas, buying, trading and selling. Ever since Alice could remember, Uncle Bob had promised her that on her fourteenth birthday she should sail with him for a three-months' holiday through the islands. And since that day, six weeks ago now, when she had kissed her mother



SHE WAS SEATED, ON THE MATTING FLOOR OF A BAMBOO PALACE, CONVERSING WITH A KING WHOSE ANCESTORS HAD BEEN CANNIBALS

good-by, and standing at the rail of a great steamer, had sailed alone out through the Golden Gate, life had become a glorious adventure.

When the mail steamer arrived in Papeete Uncle Bob was waiting for Alice, and she thought he looked as brown as a native against his spotless white ducks. Off the main street, with a line thrown out around an old cannon on shore, his schooner the *Stormy Petrel* lay at rest. Everything was ready for an immediate departure to those more remote and colorful islands where Uncle Bob's pearling called him.

For two weeks thereafter they had sailed through the Tuamotus, known to charts and mariners as the Dangerous Archipelago, where treacherous reefs lie half submerged and currents are variable and uncertain. Only the hardest of captains will hazard his ship in these waters, but Bob Hathaway was a past master at the art of navigating. Under his watchful eye Alice stood her trick at the wheel and learned many things about ships that were to stand her in good stead one day. In the island of Anau she was even allowed to bring the ship into harbor through the reef passage, a feat that won her the admiration and respect of all the crew.

It was in this same island that Alice first heard of Red Monahan, one of the most notorious characters in the South Seas. Pearl-pirate, slaver, robber, he had put his schooner the *Typhoon*, in at Anau just a few days before the arrival of the *Stormy Petrel*. He had proceeded to loot the Chinese store of all its supplies, loaded his schooner with a thousand green drinking nuts, and then when the storekeeper refused to hand over his pearls and gold, Red Monahan had shot him in cold blood. The French Government had posted a reward of one hundred thousand francs for his capture, dead or alive.

"Why do they call him 'Red' Monahan?" Alice asked of her uncle. "Because he has red hair?"

"No!" came the unexpected reply. "But because, dare-devil that he is, he has painted the hull of the *Typhoon* a brilliant red that can be seen as far as you can see anything at sea. The *Typhoon* is not only a marvel under sail, she is equipped as well with a powerful Diesel engine, and can show her heels to anything in this part of the Pacific, including the French gunboat that has frequently gone scouting for her."

"But how does the *Typhoon* get her water and supplies?"

BY PUTTING in at the smaller islands and terrorizing the natives, just as she did here in Anau," replied Uncle Bob. "I heard that she even put in at Tahiti a few weeks ago and was off again before the officials could wake up from their noonday siestas. Red Monahan may be a three-horned devil but he's a great navigator. He could sail that schooner of his through the teeth of a hurricane and not lose a spar!" There was a note of grudging admiration in the man's voice. "But I'd just like to catch up with him once and put him behind bars, where he belongs!" There was a hard light in Uncle Bob's blue eyes that boded ill for Red Monahan, should the two men ever meet. Alice was secretly



"Ah!" assented the princess. Her keen native eyes searched the distant shore intently.

glad that the *Typhoon* had left Anau before the *Stormy Petrel* arrived. She would like to see Red Monahan in jail where he belonged, but if anything should happen to Uncle Bob— She shuddered.

During the eventful days that followed she forgot all about Red Monahan and the *Typhoon*. Those islands of the Dangerous Archipelago! Ridiculously small rings of coral they were, set with a crown of palm trees, remote and isolated in the loneliest ocean in the world. Here a few score natives lived out their lives from the cradle to the grave without ever knowing that there was a world beyond their narrow horizon. But what a colorful world to Alice who had never seen it before! These joyous people who seemed to spend all their days swimming and playing and their nights singing and dancing.

AND now here she was, on the island of Maurua, seated on the matting floor of a bamboo palace, sipping delicious cool coconut milk out of a gourd, and conversing with a king whose ancestors had once been cannibals! What would the girls back at Miss Fitch's say to that? But such a splendid-looking old fellow was King Roasted-and-Eaten, with his white hair and his coppery skin and his air of great dignity, that Alice couldn't bring herself to believe that the people of Maurua had ever been cannibals. She consoled herself with the thought that perhaps they had only been head-hunters!

The King was speaking to Uncle Bob in that measured resonant voice of his: "And you heard no word in Tahiti, M'sieu Hathaway, of my servant Mapu?"

"None, O King," came Uncle Bob's answer. "I went to the school where he was studying and there I learned from the Fathers that he had been in excellent standing, a good boy and a smart one, and liked by everyone. They could only tell me that one night he had gone for a walk after his classes and had never been seen again. I went to the Governor, who investigated the case. Without result. Mapu had disappeared as completely as if he had been swallowed up by the sea."

The King shook his head sadly. "It is indeed strange. Very strange. The *Varua Ino*, the Evil Spirit of my people, must have a hand in it."

"May I ask, O King," put in Uncle Bob, "what was your purpose in sending Mapu, a youth of such tender years, away from his own island to acquire an education of which



THE SUN GLINTING ON THE HIDDEN SCHOONER'S HULL HAD THROWN BACK A FLASH OF RED LIGHT

he would have little need here in Maurua? With you it is different," he hastened to add, "you must rule your people wisely and well, and perhaps sometimes you find a knowledge of white men's laws useful. But Mapu was a commoner and could never rule."

The King raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Surely you knew that I sent Mapu to school in Tahiti as a reward! It was the one thing he asked for."

"A reward? Oh, you mean for finding the secret of Hidden Harbor?"

"*Ai!*" assented the King. "What else?"

Uncle Bob lowered his voice. "And is the secret of Hidden Harbor still a secret?" he asked.

"Still," answered Roasted-and-Eaten.

Alice sat up, all ears. This promised to be interesting. "What secret, Uncle Bob?" she demanded.

The man laughed and replied in English: "The secret of Hidden Harbor."

"I know, I know. It sounds too thrilling! But what's it all about?" The girl leaned forward expectantly, her eyes shining.

Uncle Bob smiled at the King then turned indulgently toward his niece.

"There's nothing very thrilling about it, I'm afraid," he explained. "The King has given me a twenty-five year concession on the pearl beds of Hidden Harbor. Everyone knows that the finest shell in the world comes from Maurua, but only three people know that the finest of all lies on the floor of Hidden Harbor. It was discovered one day quite by accident by a servant of the King's, a boy named Mapu—an adventurous youth who had paddled his canoe into Hidden Harbor to dive for cuttlefish. He brought back the largest shell I have ever seen, 'gold lip' shell, immensely valuable. As a reward the King sent him to Tahiti for an education."

WHERE is this marvelous harbor, Uncle Bob?"

Uncle Bob drew thoughtfully on his pipe and took a long sip of coconut juice before answering. "It lies on the opposite side of the island, a tiny hidden bay, landlocked except for a treacherous passage in the reef, too small and tricky for any but a skillful navigator to attempt with a schooner. The beds are full of beautiful shell. Some of those scientific fellows would be excited to know that it's

the only place within a thousand-mile radius where you can find 'gold lip'! And what pearls there must be, down there on the bottom! A king's ransom—and then some! See—here are a few the King has given me!" He took a bottle from his pocket, and spreading a handkerchief on the mat he emptied its contents. Alice leaned forward and gasped in amazement at the sight that greeted her eyes. A hundred beautiful pearls lay glinting softly in the shadowy room. Some were snow-white, some yellow as a canary's wing, and some held a flame like the heart of a sunset. There were round ones and oval, each perfectly formed, and one enormous one was pear-shaped and colored like the meat of a salmon.

"Oh," gasped the girl.

"What beauties! How lovely! Are these all from one place?"

"They are from Hidden Harbor. There must be countless more like these."

"But why, Uncle Bob," asked Alice, "did the King ever consent to give you a twenty-five year concession on the place?"

WELL, you see," answered Uncle Bob, carefully gathering up the pearls and putting them back in his bottle, "when I was at the Versailles Conference after the war I was able to do the King a favor with the French Government and he has never forgotten it. Next week my men are going to start working the lagoon as soon as their gear is shipshape."

King Roasted-and-Eaten interrupted. "I trust, M'sieu Hathaway, that you will impress upon your niece the great importance of secrecy in this matter. We have no radios or newspapers in Maurua, but news in the South Seas travels on the fleet wings of the gull."

Uncle Bob put one arm around Alice's shoulders and gave her a mighty hug. "I would trust her with anything in the world!" he assured the King, and Alice felt a warm glow at his words. "Ah—!" her uncle continued, "here comes the Princess Moana, the King's daughter. She's the girl I have been telling you about. I expect you two to have a great time together. *Iorana oe, Princess!*"

Alice looked up with interest. A slender, beautiful girl of her own age had entered the room to bow low before her royal father. The King motioned her to rise, then introduced her to his guests. Alice saw that the girl was dressed in the national *paren*, a strip of gorgeous red-and-white cloth that covered the body from armpits to knees. Around her neck hung a *lei* of fragrant *frangipani*. Her black hair fell in shining waves to her waist and her warm amber skin held a flush in each cheek. Her eyes, black and shy as a startled deer's, lowered swiftly, and Alice thought that the Princess Moana was quite the loveliest girl she had ever seen.

During the long days that followed, Alice Williams and the Princess became great friends. The native girl knew a few words of French and Alice had already picked up a bit of the Mauruan dialect. With the aid of pantomime and the sign language they were able to carry on an animated conversation, to the delight and amusement of everyone who saw and heard their merry laughter. (Continued on page 34)

What Do You Want to Be?

By MARY MARGARET McBRIDE



NE girl plucks timidly at my elbow, another, bolder, stations herself in front of me and prepares to burst into speech. Both, I know from long experience, are about to ask me the same question. The bolder one gets it out first. "Do you think I can succeed as a writer?" she breathlessly inquires and breathlessly awaits a reply.

All this takes place in the assembly room of, shall we say, Chapel Hill High School, somewhere in New Jersey, where I have just spoken to the students. I have told my pleasantly attentive audience what the Prince of Wales said when I met him in London; how Joan Crawford looked the morning I interviewed her in her Hollywood dressing-room-on-wheels and have finished up with Jazz King Paul Whiteman's own story of the time he lost his job in an orchestra because the misguided conductor said he couldn't play jazz!

It is not surprising that some of the girls who have listened to me decide at once that they would like to follow such a grand and glamorous career. Anybody certainly would have gathered from my remarks that a writer's life is just one interesting person after another, so lightly did I touch upon the long hours of hard work, the disappointments and heartaches that fall to every writer's lot. As a matter of fact, speakers wishing to hold their audience's interest seldom bring out such dull and disillusioning details. Yet in fairness these ought to be made clear to girls who are trying to decide about their future work in the world and that is why I rejoiced when I heard the other day that THE AMERICAN GIRL is preparing a series of articles on jobs that will cover the grind as well as the glamour.

When in the course of an interview which I shall tell you about further along, I exhibited to Dr. Mary H. S. Hayes, director of New York City's Vocational Service for Juniors, the list of subjects to be included in the series, she said enthusiastically, "Fine! Those divisions are up-to-the-minute. Women are finding new opportunities just now in several of these lines—notably in merchandising, in work with children, and in the handling of food."

There will also be articles on social service, writing, applied art, jobs having to do with books and odd jobs, thus providing answers for those eager-eyed girls who have asked me whether they can succeed as writers as well as for many others. But the inquiring vocation-seeker must do some work, too. The articles which are to appear during the autumn and winter in THE AMERICAN GIRL will contain information about jobs and about the kind of women needed to fill them—

but no article can tell the individual girl what sort of person she herself is. And that she must certainly know before she can decide what work she should undertake.

Right here is where Dr. Hayes and Dr. Harry D. Kitson, professor of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University come in.

Both Dr. Hayes and Dr. Kitson, who is author of a splendid little book on *How to Find Your Vocation* have helped hundreds of young people to choose the right job and they know all the stumbling blocks in the way of a successful selection. As a first step in the tricky business, they advise each prospective job seeker to conduct a survey of herself.

I must tell you at once that to do so is not easy. In fact it is downright difficult to be ruthless where one's feelings and vanities are involved—to pull one's self to pieces and inspect the pieces impartially.

Ruskin says you can best find out what you are really like by taking paper and ink and writing down as accurate a description of yourself as possible. Dr. Kitson suggests that for the purposes of this investigation you may regard yourself as a six-sided figure, a hexagon. To make the illustration concrete, you might even draw a hexagon on your pad and label the sides. Thus, one side will be moral, the adjoining one will be mental and then in order there will be the physical, health, social and economic sides.

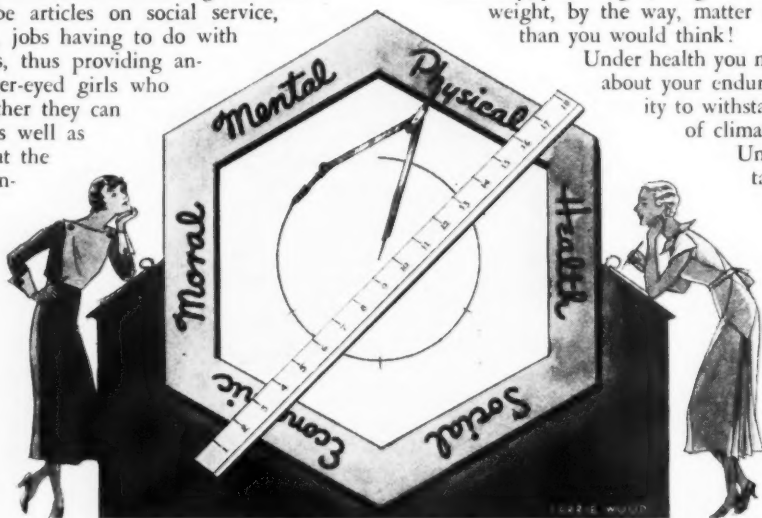
SURVEYING yourself from these vantage points, you undoubtedly will grade yourself on the moral side as to honesty, dependability, stick-to-itiveness, loyalty, whether you control your temper, sulk when things go wrong, are cheerful when you must do things you don't like. These are only suggestions, of course. Other items will occur to you when you begin to think about it.

On the mental side, are you quick or slow of apprehension? Which school subjects are difficult for you, which ones are easy? Do you speak correctly? How good is your vocabulary? What is your classroom standing? What do you most enjoy doing?

The physical self-inspection would include probing about habits of cleanliness and order, proficiency in sports, manual dexterity, your height, weight and so on. Height and weight, by the way, matter in jobs more often than you would think!

Under health you might set down facts about your endurance and your ability to withstand fatigue, changes of climate, long hours.

Under social advantages you might well put near the top ability to meet people properly. Too often the chances of a very efficient person have been ruined entirely by an awkward social habit, or maybe it is fairer to say, habits. A prospective employer or client prob-





Decorations by
Harrie Wood



ably would overlook the fact that a young person used the wrong fork for dessert at dinner but if, in addition, she seemed ignorant of the correct methods of giving and acknowledging introductions, if she continually showed lack of consideration for others, she probably would be passed over for somebody who had paid more attention to learning good manners. Whether or not you enjoy people and what kind of people you prefer to associate with would also go in this section.

Occasionally one's background holds associations or surroundings that obviously will prove obstacles in getting ahead in certain occupations. Face these frankly if they exist. Persistence and ambition can overcome many such handicaps, but they have to be recognized before they can be combated.

On the economic side of this analysis of self, you must consider whether you are able to pay for adequate training to fit yourself for the vocation you are choosing. If you have neither money, nor opportunities to earn it, you must be able to see ahead to a scholarship, or a loan from somebody who believes in you enough to gamble on your ultimate success. Otherwise it may be better to change to an occupation not so difficult of preparation.

When you have set down as honestly as possible what you have discovered about all sides of yourself, Dr. Kitson suggests that you then have the inventory checked by some intelligent, reasonably impartial person who knows you well—even by two such persons. It stands to reason that the most scrupulously truthful girl might unwittingly overestimate herself or, on the other hand, place too low a value upon some of her abilities. An outsider, on the other hand, would be able to look at the whole situation dispassionately. After the inventory has been thus checked and double-checked, you are ready to look at vocations in the light of your own fitness for them.

RIGHT here, Dr. Kitson surprised me. I had always assumed that there was one right job in the world for every human being. If you found it you were pretty sure to be happy, whatever else came into your life. If you never did, well, then you were destined to be one of those uncomfortable square pegs bouncing about in round holes. In line with this conviction I had imagined that the thing to do was to choose a vocation very early in life, and hold tenaciously to it, come what might. It seems that I was nearly all wrong.

According to Dr. Kitson any girl or boy with average talents could probably succeed at a number of vocations. Each possesses certain abilities and assets, known collectively as skills, which would be useful in several occupations. And

to cling too stubbornly to an ambition formed before you knew what you were doing might be to shut the door in the face of opportunity.

For instance, I know a woman who has made a brilliant success as an executive in the radio field. Twenty years ago she thought she wanted to be a teacher. At that time she hardly knew there was such a thing as radio. If she had held to her original ambition, she would have missed a fine and satisfying career.

WOMEN so far have failed to realize what a wide choice is offered to them. Just think, seventy-nine per cent of the total number of girls in one large group I heard of chose to become teachers, nurses and secretaries, forgetting all the other things that a woman can be today—accountant, research worker, aviatrix, court reporter, taxidermist, statistician—to name only a few. This group is typical and the trouble is that we cannot possibly all find jobs if we all choose to be teachers, stenographers and nurses. Besides, think how inefficiently some of us would fill any of those posts. I know I should, although the good aunt who helped me to get an education meant me to be a teacher and was disappointed and unhappy when she saw that I had a burning determination to do something else. But she yielded, for however much they may long to help us, our parents and guardians can't decide for us. That is our problem.

After you finish surveying yourself, the next step, according to Dr. Kitson, is to look over the field carefully and select two or three vocations that appeal, either because you think you would be good at them, or because you would like to have the sort of life they make possible. Find and read biographies of women who have been outstandingly successful along these lines and compare your qualifications with theirs. Look about you in your own home town for such persons. Interview them if you can do so without making a pest of yourself. Dr. Kitson says this ought to be possible and advises such interviews. I have great respect for his judgment, but let me whisper a bit of advice. If some successful woman is kind enough to take time from her work or leisure to advise with you about your future don't, I beg, abuse the opportunity. If she says you may have ten minutes, take along a clock or a wrist watch and get up to go when the ten minutes are ended. Think beforehand of the questions you wish to ask and be sure they are intelligent. It might be a good plan to write them down in order not to waste time by getting mixed up.

The Federation of Business and Professional Women, which probably has a club in your town, takes a big sisterly interest in girls about to embark on careers. If you will get in touch with the club secretary, (Continued on page 44)

*Illustrations by
Robb Beebe*

YET in spite of her distracted state of mind, Pan was not unhappy as the little roadster sped around curves unfamiliar in the darkness toward the purple black mountains looming vaguely beyond them. Nothing seemed quite so bad now as it had last night.

Gerry slowed down at a gas station. "Ten gallons, please. I think I'm short of oil, too." He got out to investigate, and as he did so, a newspaper fell out of his pocket upon the seat beside Pan. She idly scanned its headlines in the light from the dashboard. A familiar name stared at her.

FORREST AND PARKS STILL MISSING

DR. HICKEY DENIES THEIR DISCOVERY IN INDIAN VILLAGE

Reports that the missing explorers, Richard Forrest and George Parks, had been located in an Indian village of the Caroni region of Venezuela were denied in a radio message from Dr. James L. Hickey, head of the United Museums Expedition, at the base camp on the Caroni River today. Two planes and several searching parties have so far failed to discover any trace of the scientists, who were lost while on a bird hunting trip in the forest fifteen days ago. Dr. Hickey is still hopeful that they may fall in with friendly Indians who will guide them back to camp.

When Gerry returned to the car, the dashboard light had been switched off. Pan's pale face was shadowed.

"I'll take you out to the inn as soon as I find Judy at the garage," said Gerry as they reached Whisperville. "Here we are now. But it's closed for the night—I suppose they fixed her up and she's gone home," he concluded as he stepped on the starter again and the motor loped off with renewed speed.

In a few minutes the lights of Waffle Inn gleamed against the hillside. Gerry drove to the stoop, and Pan, forgetting all about her recent trouble with the Peterses, fumbled at the car door. Her one desire was to see Ran and learn the truth.

"You'd like me to wait and take you back to Kingsford, as long as we've missed Julia, wouldn't you?" asked Gerry, opening the door for her.

She hesitated a moment. Gerry was her enemy, she must remember that. And Julia, in spite of her kindness, a stranger. To neither could she turn for comfort.

"No, thank you. I won't go back. I'll 'phone Julia, or something. Goodnight."

"Goodnight." To her surprise, Pan found her small, chilly hand clasped firmly by Gerry's big, brown, warm one.

Lorena was just bolting the front door when Pan appeared. She was amazed and distressed at sight of her.



RAN DUCKED AND RETURNED THE BLOW. THE OTHER STAGGERED WILDLY AND FELL

The Hoodooed

"Sh! Beat it! She'll arrest you if she sees you. Your brother? He was here, but he left. I don't know where."

Probably he has gone to the village, to Gerry's rooms, thought Pan. She would follow. But she had walked only a little way when her knees began to feel wobbly. This last shock, added to all the excitement she had lately undergone, was too much for her strength. Afraid to rest near the road, she remembered that proved refuge, the hill.

The old cedar stood a dark and formidable shape leaning over the archery green. Nearby was the ruin of the Glass House where Ary had once blown his beautiful bubbles and from which he had so mysteriously vanished. But the overwhelming personal tragedy hovering over Pan quite obliterated the memory of the past, until, as she stumbled over some bricks outside the crumbling walls, something inside moved with a rustling noise, and a small round spot of light glared menacingly. Pan stayed perfectly still until a boyish, "Hey, who's that?" told her that Ran was near.

By LOUISE SEYMOUR
HASBROUCK



BACKWARD AGAINST THE OPEN CELLAR DOOR, JUST MISSING THE STEPS

Inn

*For what has happened so far in
this story see page thirty-eight*

"Oh, Ran! Lorena said you'd gone, and I was on my way to the village after you, when I felt so tired. Tell me, it isn't true, is it—about father?"

A moment's silence was too sufficient answer. Then, "I didn't want you to know. They may hear something different any time," said Ran huskily.

"You wrote to the museum?"

"I telephoned them from the news shop the day I first read it in the paper, the day you saw me in the village. They've promised to let me know as soon as they hear anything. You know there have been other explorers down there who've been lost and who've turned up after weeks. Aw, gee, Pan, don't!"

It was the sound of her sobbing that caused the exclamation, and Pan was desperately ashamed to give in. A little later she had recovered enough to say, "Ran, you've been so perfectly wonderful. I don't see how I ever *could* believe what I did." And she told all about her side of the misun-

derstanding, as clearly as she could, hiding nothing.

"Never mind—I had it in for you, too, for grabbing all the three hundred. It's past midnight, and you must be tired," he said kindly, as he began to arrange a bed of boughs for her. "Here's my coat to put over you."

How proud her father would have been of him! It was on this thought that Pan fell asleep.

In the dense forest of her dreams, where chattering brown men had tied her hand and foot and thrown her upon a bed of spiny plants to be stung to death by tarantulas and scorpions, a truck was, oddly enough, approaching. Nearer and nearer it came, until it seemed about to run over her.

Pan woke up. There was a gray half-light over the world, the truck had stopped, and the tarantulas and scorpions had given place to a shrill buzz near her right ear. She slapped wildly in that direction. Ran turned over, showing the pattern of his sweater upon his cheek, slapped in his turn, and made a sound, half groan, half yawn.

THEY certainly get into action just before sunrise. We ought to have had some dope. Oh, gee, I dreamed they'd found father! Why did I have to wake up?"

Pan had risen, to get herself a branch to fight the foe.

"Oh, it was a real truck! And it's stopped at the inn! How queer, so early in the morning!" she exclaimed.

"Bootleg!" said Ran, sleepily.

"Bootleg?"

"Hasn't it occurred to you the Peterses can make more money selling hard drinks than soft? I've been wondering when they'd begin. I guess this news about father, and Aunt Allie's not seeming to get better, has made them feel they can cut loose." Ran spoke with a philosophical bitterness. But Pan flared.

"Waffle Inn a speakeasy! Oh, this is too much!" The next minute she was descending the hill and a few minutes later the driver of the truck was so startled by the sudden appearance from parts unknown of a young girl with rumpled auburn hair and a hostile expression that he nearly stumbled.

"Please put those all back and take them away!" the girl ordered, pointing to the case of bottles.

"She's got nothing to say about this," declared William, coming out of the cellar where he had been storing the stuff. "Bring the case in. She's only a girl who worked for us and got discharged on account of being a thief!"

"You take that back, you liar!" Ran had followed his sister.

William's arm shot out, but Ran ducked and then returned the blow. The other staggered wildly, and fell backward against the open cellar door, just missing the steps.

"Help! Murder! Help!"

"What's happening?" William's mother queried, rushing out in her wrapper. Hollow groans answered her. "Let him get up!" she screamed to Ran who was standing over his victim.

"Not until he takes back what he said about my sister. If he doesn't, he'll get more!"

"Help!" yelled William again.

The driver winked at Ran, got on his truck, and drove off.

"You'll see if you can get away with this sort of thing. I'll have the law on you," the landlady was threatening, when another car dashed up the drive.

"Somebody murdered? We got a 'phone call," said one of its two trooper occupants.

"I didn't call you. But this boy here attacked my son. He knocked him down and nearly killed him."

"And what made *you* turn ferocious?" asked the officer, looking at slim Ran in a surprised way.

"He called my sister a thief, and it's not true."

"It is!" shouted William, who had risen from his undignified position on the ground.

"It's not!" said a new voice. Lorena joined them. "I was waked up by all this terrible yelling and thought it was one of these gang murders. That's why I 'phoned. About her stealing—it looked as if she'd taken some money and jewelry from a tourist, but I found them in an envelope among the sheets as I was getting them ready for the laundry last night. Here it is, see? Fifteen dollars and a pin, just like the woman said."

"Does that straighten it out?" the trooper asked Mrs. Peters.

"Well, I suppose so, but she's tried to queer my business right from the start."

"Why don't you fire her then?"

"But this is our place," put in Ran, and told of the situation as briefly as possible. "The only claim these Peterses have against us is their back wages. But now I've got that to give them, and I *will* give it to them right now, if they'll go away. Two hundred dollars." He produced an amazing roll of bills.

Mrs. Peters looked greedily at the money.

THERE'S no reason though why I should be done out of the work I've put in this place," she whined, "the equipment and the good will and all."

"You can take your stuff with you," said Ran.

"And she's made a good bit," added Lorena. "She told me a while ago everything was paid for, and it was all velvet. No rent to pay, nor no wages to *her*—" she nodded at Pan. "She's had things pretty easy here, if you ask me."

"What have you got against me?" cried the landlady, in sudden fury, her eyes blazing.

"I haven't anything special against you," said Lorena calmly, "but I like her better 'cause she's straight!" And with this announcement the nonchalant seller of fake antiques caught Pan's grateful eyes and reddened as if she had disclosed a weakness.

"Have we got to be turned out? Haven't you any feelings?" Mrs. Peters demanded of the troopers.

They looked embarrassed, but Ran was obdurate.

"They're not our sort. We don't want them on the place. Take this stuff here," and he indicated the crates, "they just got it from a bootlegger. They're turning our house into a speak-easy. That's what my sister was complaining about when all this row started. Have we got to stand for that, I'd like to know?"

"You sure haven't. We'll tip off the Federal men," said the trooper, emphatically.

"No, you won't, because we haven't served a single drink to customers, and we're not going to!" cried Mrs. Peters. "We're through with the

place. William, go and telephone Charlie to come with his truck and take us away. I hope you starve to death, that's what I hope," she added venomously to the Forrests. "As for you," to Lorena, "don't apply to me for references when you want another job. I'll not give you any."

"They wouldn't be any good if you did!" retorted the waitress.

The Peterses went into the house, the troopers departed. Lorena lingered outside, looking uncertainly at the brother and sister.

I GUESS you want me to pack right up, too?"

"Not a bit. Of course this won't be an inn any longer, but you're welcome to stay as long as you like. Thank you—thank you an awful lot, Lorena." Pan stopped, and swallowed hard. "I'm afraid I haven't been very friendly with you all along, and I apologize. You're nice, and you're honest—only—you *did* sell that phony stuff!"

"I been raised different from you," said Lorena, simply. "An' I got to make money when I can. But after this I'll try to pick a straight line, if I can find one."

For three hours the Forrests watched the Peters's preparations for leaving. Up to the last moment it seemed incredible that they really would go, but finally they did, in "Charlie's" truck, with all their belongings, including the stuff from the bootlegger. Only then did Pan draw a long breath and tell Ran again how wonderful she thought him.

"And where *did* you get all that money?" she asked. "I was as surprised as the Peterses when you took that roll of bills from your pocket."

He'd been paid it by Gerry's uncle, he told her, for the design of the model plane he'd been experimenting with all summer. The manufacturer considered it the best he had ever seen, the simplest and most practical. He was going to have two thousand of them made up right away for the Christmas trade.

"It was partly luck," explained Ran. "I happened to hit on something nobody else had thought of. And I don't suppose I could sell him another for years, perhaps."

"It may have been luck, but it was work, too. And there I thought you were just wasting time! I'm so proud of you! And the way you stood up to William!"

"Pooh, I ought to have done that long ago. But I was afraid of him because he's bigger than me."

"You forgot all about being afraid when he called me names, though!" exulted Pan.

"Don't begin harping on any hero stuff! That *would* be the last straw!" was her brother's disappointing rejoinder.

They were free at last! But freedom so clouded by anxiety was almost a burden. However, the Forrests tried to be cheerful on each other's account. By putting their own furniture and books back in their accustomed places, they tried to restore to Dutch Doors as much as possible its old aspect.

Lorena, meanwhile, seeming to enjoy to the utmost her late employer's absence, found plenty to do in the kitchen.

"Someone must take the sign down from the post," Pan remembered, "or we'll be bothered by customers."

"Don't worry, the Peterses stopped and got that too on their way out," Ran replied. (Continued on page 38)



THE TWO TROOPERS DEPARTED



MAGAZINE COVERS, CHINTZ, PAPERS—WALL, WRAPPING, SHELF AND STARCH—MAKE GAY THE COVERS OF THESE USEFUL SCRAPBOOKS

“Information, Please!”

WHEN someone asks me for information on a certain subject, it always gives me a glow of satisfaction to be able to produce it. If I can't pull it from the recesses of my memory, at least I like to be able to suggest where my inquiring friend may find the answer to her question. “Oh yes,” I say, “I saw an article about that in the—let me see, *The Saturday Review* (or *The Woman's Home Companion* or *THE AMERICAN GIRL*) last year.” And then, as nonchalantly as possible, I like to pull out a scrapbook and lay the article before her.

And usually I can, too. For long ago I became a collector. Almost everyone collects something, and my collecting instinct runs to clippings and articles that I find in newspapers and magazines. These I paste in scrapbooks, arranged under different headings so I may easily find what I want. And if you've never kept a scrapbook you can't possibly realize how useful I find mine.

As I was going over my old *AMERICAN GIRL* magazines to collect covers for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* screen which I described in the April number, I found many choice bits that I wanted for future use. And then and there the thought popped into my head, “What a wonderful chance for a Girl Scout, or any girl for that matter, to start her own library. If I find so many items in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* that I want to keep, what a veritable treasure trove of interesting and usable material it must be for the girls for whom it is edited.” Almost everything in it outside the stories, I found

By WINIFRED MOSES

when I started to select my material, could be arranged for future use. And even some of the stories—those about

boys and girls in foreign countries—I am putting into a travel scrapbook for one of my young nieces to mull over.

Just to illustrate: One of my *AMERICAN GIRL* scrapbooks is devoted to things that girls can do. That is the one in the illustration lying open at Ilonka Karasz's article on how to make decorative paper with starch. I used her directions to make the paper covers for two of my books which you may also see in the illustration—one at the extreme right above the ship scrapbook and one in the upper left-hand corner. I used India ink and a butter paddle to make one design and a potato cutter for the other. I hope you will all try this interesting method of decorating paper.

In the scrapbook on what girls can do I put articles on giving plays, on presenting shadow pictures and on making costumes; articles on dressing up a room—making dressing tables, furniture and draperies; articles on making things to wear—scarfs, negligees, purses and knitted things; articles on gardens; articles on how to bind magazines, how to make a book, how to sculpture in soap, how to make starch and crackle papers, and how to carve things in wood.

I AM interested in each of these and expect to try them all some day. And when I need the directions how much easier it will be to find the material neatly arranged in a scrapbook, than at the bottom (Continued on page 47)

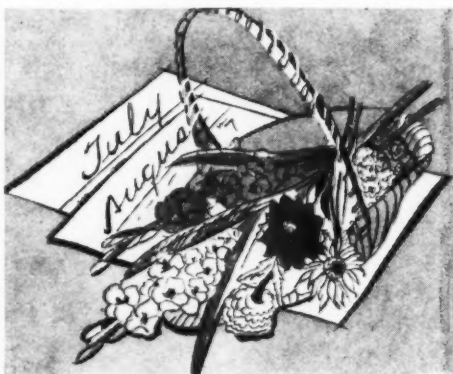
Last Call for a Garden

OH DEAR! Oh dear! I shall be too late!" exclaimed the White Rabbit as he hurried past Alice on his way to the Queen's Garden Party. And you'll be too late, too, for your own garden party if you don't scuttle right out now and start your seeds. A garden party is great fun, but of course there must be flowers. And this is the last call for a garden this year. To be sure it will be a late one, but it will be twice blessed, for it will give you a profusion of bloom when other gardens have passed their prime and it will speed you into the winter with the happy resolution to start next year's garden early—to begin by saving this year's seeds.

A decade ago the late garden might not have been practical, but with our seasons playing an upside-down game with us, it is now feasible. With snowstorms in late March and swimming jaunts in October, there is no earthly reason why gardens shouldn't be in fashion and follow the change in climatic styles. So seize your trowel and begin to dig before another day passes.

Like all Gaul the making of a garden can be divided into three parts. The first will be your plan. What kind of garden will it be? Where will you put it? How large will it be? What flowers do you want in it? The second will be the preparation of your soil, the laying of a path if you need one, and the erection of the boundary. And the third will be the planting itself. If we take up these three points in order, we shall get a fair idea of garden-making, step by step. Careful study beforehand saves both steps and seeds.

Let us start with the plan first. Where are you going to place your garden? Since most of the plants that you will use now will be annuals, you must give them an open sunny home, far enough away from the shade of spreading maples and elms so that the tree roots will not steal all the moisture and food from your flowers. Your garden should be near the house, but not too near. For there is nothing



Decorations by Miriam Bartlett

more disconsolate than the sight of bare brown earth from your windows on a dreary January day. If you happen to have a terrace at the rear of your home, where you sit in summer, it is most likely that there will be a small stretch of good ground beyond it suitable for a garden.

Or perhaps you have a path that leads from the side door to the garage. On either side of this you might make narrow borders and cover them with brilliant blossoms. If you have shrubbery around your house, you might fill in the spaces between the bushes with low plants. Or you may want window box gardens

to decorate your porch. The space along a stone wall makes a pretty border, particularly if the wall is covered with roses or clematis, for this gives a decorative background. But if this is the site you choose, you must leave at least a foot between the rear line of flowers and the climbing roses. Otherwise, the roots of the roses will devour the nourishment which belongs to the annuals.

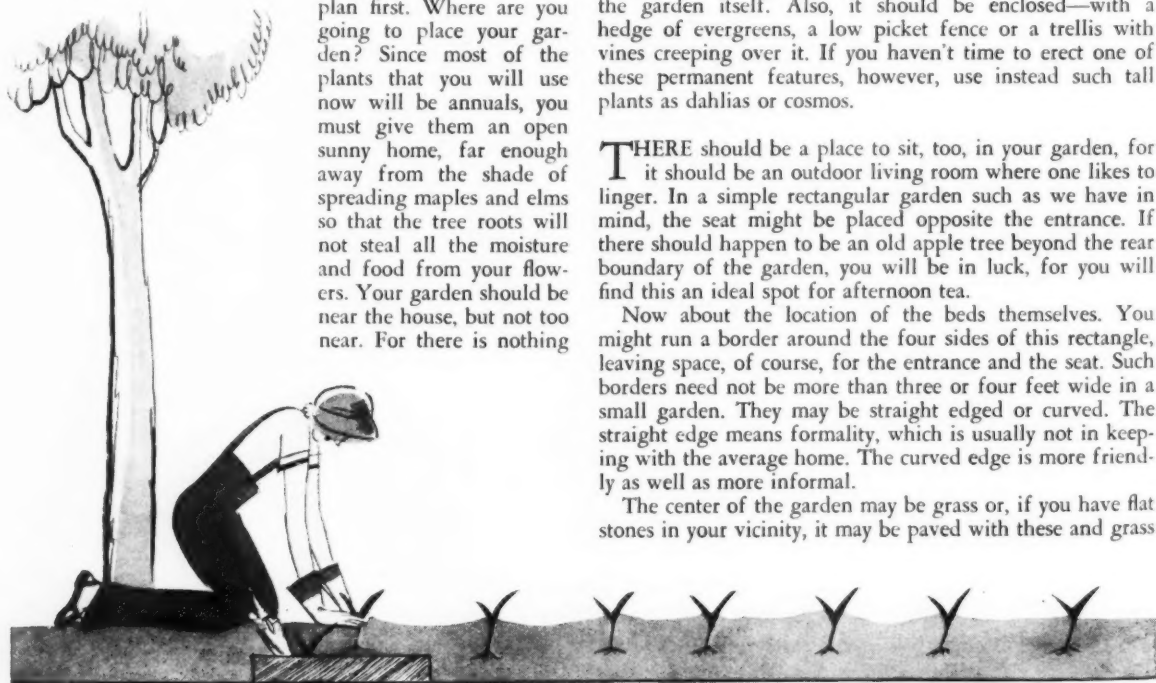
But wherever else you decide to put your garden, don't dig a bed or border in the middle of a lawn. A lawn is far too lovely, especially if it has old trees, to be broken up with flower beds—also, it is against all the rules of design.

Just to make the matter concrete, suppose you decide on a small rectangular garden beyond the rear porch or terrace. It should not be too large, for intimate gardens are more enjoyable than big ones. Moreover, large ones mean too much work for one person to look after. Like a room, it must have certain definite features. Of course, there must be an entrance—one to lead directly from the porch or terrace into the garden itself. Also, it should be enclosed—with a hedge of evergreens, a low picket fence or a trellis with vines creeping over it. If you haven't time to erect one of these permanent features, however, use instead such tall plants as dahlias or cosmos.

THERE should be a place to sit, too, in your garden, for it should be an outdoor living room where one likes to linger. In a simple rectangular garden such as we have in mind, the seat might be placed opposite the entrance. If there should happen to be an old apple tree beyond the rear boundary of the garden, you will be in luck, for you will find this an ideal spot for afternoon tea.

Now about the location of the beds themselves. You might run a border around the four sides of this rectangle, leaving space, of course, for the entrance and the seat. Such borders need not be more than three or four feet wide in a small garden. They may be straight edged or curved. The straight edge means formality, which is usually not in keeping with the average home. The curved edge is more friendly as well as more informal.

The center of the garden may be grass or, if you have flat stones in your vicinity, it may be paved with these and grass



It isn't too late for you to start planting a garden even now if you follow the advice given in this article by FLORENCE E. LEMMON

sown between. Either is effective and as equally decorative.

As it is already late in the season, the question, what kind of garden shall we have?, is answered, for it must be an annual garden. So now we have decided the major considerations in our plan. The garden will be small, it will be rectangular in shape, enclosed by dahlias or cosmos, with a seat opposite the entrance, a center of grass and four small borders running around the sides, between three and four feet in depth.

Having made these decisions on the fundamentals, we shall now consider the preparation of the soil. The beds

until frost. However, this is a more expensive method of making a garden than by raising your own. Moreover, it will deprive you of much of the fun of growing the plants yourself.

If you decide to grow the annuals yourself, you have also the choice of two methods. Seeds may be sown directly in the beds or borders where they will bloom, or they may be grown in boxes and later transplanted. There is a certain loss when seeds are planted in open borders, for there is no way of protecting them from heavy rains, brilliant sun or other adverse weather conditions. Since a package of seeds

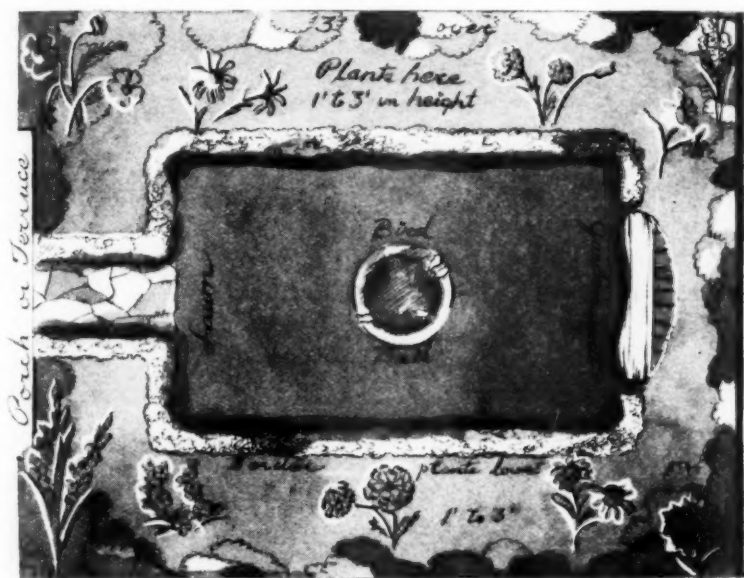
represents many plants, however, even with a loss you may still have enough to supply your needs.

If you sow the seeds in boxes, you may cover them, move them about—in short, you may control the conditions under which the seeds will germinate and so have a larger percentage of plants. This entails some extra work, but the results more than compensate. Moreover, it is easier to get an effective planting by putting out small plants than by taking chances that the seedlings will come up exactly where you want them.

HERE are the general directions if you wish to follow the second plan: The bottom of a small wooden box about twelve by fourteen by three inches high, covered with drainage material—coal ashes or bits of broken pots. Over this put a three-inch mixture of good garden soil and peat moss, if you have it, that has been sifted. Fill the box to the top so that all the seedlings will receive light and none will

be shaded by the sides of the box. Soak the flat well with water—so thoroughly, in fact, that the water stands on top. Now put this box aside to drain while you prepare as many more of the same kind as you need.

The reason we soak the flat before putting in any seeds is that although seeds need plenty of water, they are so small that the spray from an ordinary watering pot is apt to drown them. Therefore, we sprinkle well in the hope that the soil will remain moist until the (Continued on page 46)



THIS SMALL, GAY GARDEN MAKES A CHARMING OUTDOOR LIVING ROOM

should be dug out to a depth of about eighteen inches. Into the bottom of this trench, throw any kind of compost material you happen to have—old leaves, grass sods, house garbage—all will rot and make excellent food. The soil which you have removed should be mixed with manure and peat moss, if you have them; if not, with good top soil and a commercial fertilizer which you can buy at the local nursery. Replace the soil so mixed in the beds and give it a good soaking. A border prepared in this way will last for several seasons, with the addition of an annual top dressing of fertilizer.

After the beds are ready, you begin to think about getting the annuals themselves. Either of two courses is open. You may trip down to the nearest florist and purchase annuals already started or you may raise your own. The former method means that you have only to set the small plants into the borders and keep them watered until they are thoroughly at home. Within a few weeks they will be in full bloom and if the flowers are kept picked they will blossom



Illustrations by
Ruth King



IT WAS VERY WINDY,
BUT CYNTHIA PAINT-
ED HAPPILY, STI-
FLING HER SNEEZES

Native Talent

NANCY'S rapid, fluent French gave directions to the small, sabot-shod boy who dragged a blue-painted handcart. Then, the luggage disposed of, she turned to bestow an additional hug on the waiting Cynthia.

"Oh, but it's good of you to come! We'll have a grand time. Brittany is gorgeous in summer, although we have had more than our share of rain. Mother's crazy about the color of the mists here; says they're the most marvelous color to paint. But come on. François will bring your bags in his little gocart."

Cynthia drew a deep breath of the damp, ocean-scented air. "Ouff! It's nice to get on solid ground again. I feel inches deep in train dust and trolley dirt. How nice the air smells."

"Atlantic Ocean," explained Nancy, trotting along rapidly to keep warm. "You'll see it in a moment, just over there. And the inn is almost on the edge of it." She eyed Cynthia's heavy sports coat approvingly. "I'm glad you brought that. We've been having a rather chilly spell here."

Cynthia gave a little skip of delight. "It doesn't matter—Paris was cold, too. How's your especially nice parent?"

"She's in seventh heaven at the moment. Having donned a disreputable, paint-smeared old coat and an old beret, she's painting ocean foam and wet rocks, laying the color on canvas with a trowel. But she'll get hungry and wander home for dinner. Oh, I do hope you won't be bored here." Nancy's tone was anxious. Cynthia shook her head.

"I shan't be bored. Not here." And as they swung into the main street she gazed about her with fascinated eyes.

"Le Conquet, laidieeze and gen'lemen. The most western town of all France. Sweet, isn't it, Cindy?"

It was, Cynthia admitted, adorable. Like a fairy-tale town. Old and gray and cobble-paved, with a narrow, one-pedestrian-sized sidewalk along its western wall, and with little, two- and three-story houses of pearly gray stone whose tiny,

By ERICK BERRY

small-paned windows opened intimately close to the sidewalk. Green-lichened roofs sloped steeply, and behind the closed windows red geraniums bloomed between red or green checked curtains, giving color to the willow softness of the green grays.

"Our American Mr. Jones used to put in here, they say," remarked Nancy with a casual air.

"What Mr. Jones?" asked Cynthia. Then Nancy's deepening dimple, always an index to her mood, made her suspect a trap. "Who was Mr. Jones?"

"Why surely you remember John Jones, of the U. S. Navy. No? Not Mr. John Paul Jones?"

"Beast!" laughed Cynthia. Then, "Tell me some more."

"Well, as you know, this is the Department of Finisterre and is Land's End, the farthest west of all French provinces. Some centuries ago—I don't know how long but not many—it belonged to England and the people are closer to the southwest-of-England type than you can imagine."

They turned a corner, past a wide-lipped stone well where a woman dipped water into a huge creamy-toned pitcher. Cynthia murmured, "Wait until I get to my sketch book!" And Nancy nodded her understanding.

THEN the French got it back," she continued, "and perhaps the English after that. Anyway the English burned it a couple of times, although there were still English-French families living here. They say that the really oldest houses were left because of that. Here's the quay. You must get out your canvas sneakers. These cobbles are death on good leather shoes. Wooden sabots are best, but I've never tried them."

The tiny hotel smelled pleasantly of soap and good Breton cooking. One went steeply up two flights of stairs to a narrow hall and turned into a small, white-washed room with a washstand, a dresser and a white-covered bed. The single

window overlooked a long stretch of quay and the tidal river, very low now and turning a marvelous lavender under the sunset light.

"My room is right next door and mother's beyond that. Here are your things already. I brought you the longer way so you could see the town. Goodness, you aren't coming down with a cold, are you?"

CYNTHIA sneezed again. "I hope not. But a small child in the train from Paris had a frightful snuffle, and it was sort of drafty on the trolley from Brest."

Promising to hurry she closed the door and went to the window to gaze for a long minute. Wooden shoes clattered merrily on the cobbles below and along the distant dunes smoke rose from the smouldering potash fires where, Nancy had told her, the thrifty Bretons burned the seaweed for fertilizer.

She was pleasantly weary and very hungry. All last night she had been traveling, more than half the width of France, from Paris to Brest. Uncle Leslie had sailed from Brest after the Armistice, she remembered, and its steep streets, its ancient houses built on three or four different levels, had fascinated her during the hours she had had to wait for the trolley for Le Conquet. Brest, too, had once been a favorite port for old John Paul Jones, as well as Le Conquet.

This was her first taste of a real French town. How different from Paris, how quaint and sweet and clean—and, oh, how paintable it was going to be! No wonder Nancy's famous artist mother planned to spend the summer here. Cynthia hoped she could soon find a child model for her next cover. She must send one in ten days at the latest, to Mr. Culbert in Paris for the Christmas number of *Little One's Magazine*. She wanted to paint a little dark-eyed Breton girl or boy, in wooden shoes, and quaint cap for the December number.

Goodness, there was the dinner gong! Nancy's head popped in at the door. "Mother just came in. Want to come and say hello?"

Cynthia sneezed and fumbled in her suitcase for a clean handkerchief. "Just a moment, Nan. I've been so busy just looking, that I

couldn't get washed or anything. Oh, here's a fresh hanky. Now where did I put the key to that other suitcase? Pour out the water, will you, honey, so I can wash. Thanks—oh, darling Mrs. Brewster!"

Nancy's mother, as pretty as ever and tanned from much sea bathing, seemed hardly older than her daughter. "We're so glad to have you here, my child. I want to hear all about your covers and to see what you have been doing. Nancy's told me you've already completed one cover in Paris. Here's the dining room and this is our table."

There were several painters and two writers among the jolly little crowd at the *Hôtel des Poissons*. Cynthia got a tremendous thrill out of having these older people, all professional craftsmen of proved ability, regard her with respect and as an artist already arrived. Yet she was, after all, also a professional, traveling, actually seeing the world on what she earned with her brush and pencil. When she stopped to think about that Cynthia always felt like a fairy-tale princess who had rubbed the magic ring.

THE next morning Nancy took her to explore the little town, not a long tour for there were not six streets in the whole place. The ancient, sturdy houses, facing the sea for half a dozen centuries, seemed to grow from the very rock on which they were built. Below the hotel one crossed

a bridge, at high water; or walked on a raised path across the sands, at low tide, to a long, sandy beach bordered with dunes and tall, waving grasses, very white and flat and clean.

"It's lovely to swim here," Nancy expatiated, "but with your cold, I think you'd better wait a few days before going in."

"Nonsense!" said Cynthia. "I'm going directly after breakfast every single morning I'm here, no matter how chilly a summer we're having."

Breakfast was a delightfully informal meal, served in the inn parlor, not the dining room, where on sunny mornings the ceiling quivered with reflections from the sun-spangled tidal river.

Nancy brought to breakfast a large mysterious bag and when she had received her huge bowl of *café au lait*—weak coffee made with milk—she opened the paper bag and dumped a



THE CHILD'S MOTHER HAD APPEARED BESIDE HER, AND WAS HOLDING HER HAND

handful of what appeared to be rolled oats, raw, into her bowl, and began to eat the mixture with apparent enjoyment.

"What on earth is that?" asked the curious Cynthia.

"That's my breakfast food. Want to try some?"

Cynthia shook her head. "Goodness, no. But where can you get breakfast food, American style, in a paper bag, in a French village?"

"FEED store," mumbled Nancy around her large spoonful. "It's just chicken feed—bran. I get so hungry by noon, with these Continental breakfasts."

"How about an egg?" was Cynthia's suggestion.

"Try and get it." Nancy's tone was amused.

So Cynthia, after some struggle with that simple, hard-to-pronounce French *œuf* procured a boiled egg. At least it was hot, so it must have been in hot water. But when she broke it, "Ugh, it's completely raw!"

"They simply won't boil it any longer, unless you want a twenty-minute egg, like a rock," explained Nancy. "It's one of the unsolved mysteries of the French cuisine. You'll come to chicken feed yet!"

Meanwhile time was passing. Cynthia had arrived on a Thursday, Sunday had rolled 'round, her December cover must go off to Paris this week, and she seemed no nearer it than the week before. In fact, so far she hadn't seen any children that looked paintable.

"They are pretty enough," she mourned at breakfast on Sunday, "but it's merely a matter of color with them. I haven't seen a single child that I thought would make a good poster cover."

Mrs. Brewster nodded. "I know. But some of the old people are marvelous. There are no better types for models of old people in all of France."

"Might give 'em a Breton Santa Claus," was Nancy's bright suggestion and at Cynthia's scornful look added, "with the caption 'Do your Christmas shopping early'. Or—no, that wouldn't do, either. Breton men don't wear whiskers. What have you to suggest, Mother?"

"There's the church bell. I suggest that you two hurry into your best bonnets and shawls and go to church. All the village will be there and you will have a good chance to look them over. Then if you find what you want I'll ask Madame, our *patronne*, to introduce us. Hurry now!"

It was a splendid idea, Cynthia admitted, as she followed Nancy into the little stone church. Surely every good Breton inhabitant of Le Conquet was present, the women in wide skirts trimmed with bands of black velvet, with full sleeves, and tight black bodices setting off the lace-trimmed white aprons, the frosty white caps of Breton lace and the wide lace collars. All the lovely quaintness of medieval France had not, here at least, gone down before the stupid uniform of store-bought gingham dresses.

THE men were no less picturesque, with their low-crowned, wide-brimmed hats, with the shining silver buttons on their short, black velvet coats. And each child was a miniature replica of its parents, with the exception of the caps which marked the married women.

The small bleak church was warmed to light by the rustle of many garments, by the soft glow of candles and Cynthia was enchanted by the little ship models that swung from the hand-hewn rafters—all of them as perfect as skill and loving care could make them.

"They are thank offerings for the safe return of the ships they represent," Nancy whispered to her. "Oh, look, Cindy,

isn't she a darling?" Her elbow nudged for Cynthia's attention. "I've never seen a child with a lovelier face."

The minute Cynthia saw her, her artist's eye registered this as the one model for that Christmas cover. Such pansy-brown eyes, such soft sunny curls around the little pink-cheeked face, such a dimpled round chin above the starched white collar; and the tight little bodice made her a small child playing at being grown-up.

Cynthia nodded her approval of Nancy's choice. "How nice," she thought, "to be with artists again. Oh, I wish they could be with me all over France," remembering her loneliness in Paris.

After the service they edged their way toward the door, Cynthia keeping the child in sight all the way. The little girl's mother, who walked behind her, was a larger edition of the same type and while she must have been lovely when she was young, now she was bent and weary-eyed, like so many of the hard-working Breton peasants.

Nancy's eyes had been roving the church. Now she gave Cynthia a reassuring nod. "Wait for me outside," she commanded and wriggled away through the crowd. Cynthia, who was taller than most of the villagers, saw her stop at last before a woman in black, wearing a hat, their own *patronne* from the hotel, very much in her Sunday best. Nancy waved to Cynthia, then the two disappeared, blotted out by the congregation.

Five minutes later she joined Cynthia in the little square above the fountain. "It's all right," she reported triumphantly. "We identified your model and her mother, and Madame says she will ask her about posing. Won't it be perfect if she *does* pose! She's a picture!"

I asked Madame to tell us the decision as soon as possible and she promised she would."

That was fine. Cynthia already saw her cover, painted, delivered, printed, and exhibited on every newsstand in New York. She drew a breath of relief.

THEY strolled back toward the hotel and the pleasant smell of Sunday dinner, the crowd slowly trickling away behind them. The little bakery was already doing a brisk business, for many of these small shops opened as soon as the church was out. Cynthia's eyes caught a new poster on the bakery wall, a single sheet of vivid lemon yellow with blue and red type, such a bright patch of color in the pearly gray street that she hauled Nancy along to look at it.

"Well—" after a minute of Nancy's silent contemplation. "What does it say, stupid? Can't you read out loud?"

Nancy chuckled. "Sorry, I forgot. Well, *hypnotiseur* means 'hypnotist'."

"I gathered as much as that. What comes after it?"

"'World renowned Professor Reynaldo.' That sounds Spanish but he says he's from Paris—*Parisien*—will be here Tuesday evening to give a demonstration of his stupendous and altogether unexplainable power of the human eye," Nancy translated loosely. "It also says his demonstration will be held in the meat market—I suppose that's the biggest room they have, except the church—and the admission will be one and two francs, standing room fifty centimes. Poor thing, he can't make much of a living out of that."

"Let's go," suggested Cynthia.

"What? We—I—I—yes." Then as the idea took hold of her, "Maybe mother would like to go, too."

Mrs. Brewster, however, though amused at the idea and quite willing they should attend the performance, refused to be a third in the party. "Not (Continued on page 41)



WHY, THE CHILD WAS A BORN MODEL!

Since Summer's Nearly Here

*Illustrations by
Katherine Shane Bushnell*

Patterns are fifteen cents each and The American Girl Pattern book, twenty-five cents (coin or stamps). Write direct to American Girl Patterns, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



3177

2827

3225

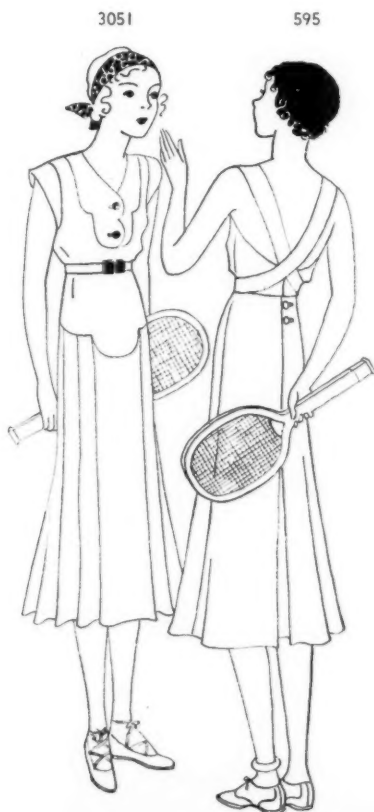
3177—She goes her dainty way in an organdy, formal sash, free-swinging skirt and all. She's smart, she's cool and she's sure she's wearing her own shade at last, for organdy runs the entire color gamut without trouble. She may get it as easily in such odd tones as pistache, mulberry, Eleanor blue, wistaria, as in rose, orchid or graduation white. For size 16 get $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting organdy for ruffles, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch ribbon for the formal sash. It's for girls from twelve to twenty.

2827—It has a little cape that makes the tiny sleeves and that ripples becomingly over the shoulders—all very French. But it's an all-occasion frock too, so if you plan to have it for graduation remember you may wear it for afternoon tea as appropriately as for informal club hops. It's as fetching in chiffon or georgette as in tub silk print or flower-sprigged voile. Size 16 takes $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch goods. Patterns are from fourteen years to twenty.

3225—This frock has been designed for those slightly older girls. It is more formal than usual. Simplicity of line and lovely material keep it very distinguished. It needs no trimming, its puff sleeves, well-defined waist-line, out-flaring skirt give it a classic grace. Made up in white silk crêpe for graduation—if only taffeta weren't so warm—its charming dignity beautifully suits the occasion. But it is very pretty in pastel colors—mauve, yellow, powder blue or bright pink. Size 18 takes $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

3051—It's very good as a spectator frock if you are one of the gallery at an exhibition tennis match or golf tournament. Not too low in the back if you have a way of getting sunburned too painfully, this frock will do its best to save your shoulders. Any summer sports cloth will do—piqué, cotton broadcloth, cotton matelassé, or linen, of course. Size 18 needs $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material—not too much goods for all those nice full-swinging pleats.

595—As a contrast this ardent sportswoman wears no back at all. She's willing to take as much ultra-violet as Old Sol will team down. Her frock is well tailored, with very smart stitching showing itself at the waist as a preface to the two-button back closing, and on the crossed straps. She shows her back like this on the beach, at camp on dress-up days and when at tennis but not at many other places—it's quite bare. Size 16 takes 3 yards of 39-inch summer sports material. Patterns are in all ages from twelve to twenty.



3051

595

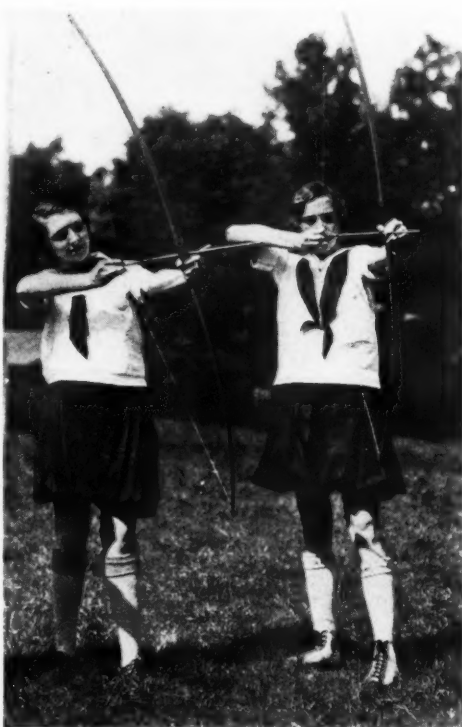
Good Times for Archers

ARCHERY—said to be the oldest sport in the world—is becoming more and more popular, and is winning new converts every day.

The "merry twang of the tough yew bow" thrills enthusiasts everywhere. In California archery has long been popular because of the favorable climate. In the larger cities, such as New York, archery clubs are springing up in every suburb, and indoor targets are being set up in armories and gymnasiums. In the women's colleges archery is finding a new place for itself in the sun. As an indication of this growing enthusiasm, sixty-one different colleges entered teams at the Women's Intercollegiate Telegraphic Archery Tournament last year. At Smith it is much favored, and at Barnard it is an important part of the physical training program and students are flocking to the classes. Girls nowadays, by the time they reach college, are less interested in team games and are eager for a chance to improve their skill in individual sports which they can enjoy for the rest of their lives.

At Teacher's College, Columbia University, large classes are perfecting their shots with the bow and arrow in order that they may go out and teach the sport to young enthusiasts in schools throughout the country.

And, of course, it is hardly necessary for me to tell you here about the popularity of archery among Girl Scouts. In fact, I think the Girl Scouts may claim a bit of the glory for being pioneers in the revival of the sport that traces its



BRAIN AND MUSCLES MUST WORK IN TUNE AT ARCHERY

By ANNA COYLE

shiny bows made of the finest woods, its feathered arrows, and bright-hued targets. And it is rather inexpensive, especially if you buy one of the sets which are available in juvenile size, girls' sets and ladies' sets.

All that is needed in equipment is a long bow, arrows, an arm guard, a shooting glove and a target.

The size of the bow will depend upon your height. Bows for women and girls vary from five feet, to five and one-half feet in length, while in the juvenile sets the bow is approximately fifty inches long. The strength of the bow depends upon its weight, that is, the number of pounds pull required to draw it. For the beginner light bows of lemonwood are recommended, then as skill is acquired a heavier bow may be used.

The length of the arrow is naturally governed by the size of the bow and the length of the individual's arm. It should be long enough to draw just to the point when shooting. Standard lengths vary from twenty-two inches in the juvenile sets to twenty-six inches in the women's sets.

An arm guard is worn on the left wrist to protect the arm from being bruised by the string when it is released. It should be of leather or other material thick enough to give complete comfort. In ancient times the hunter and warrior wore his arm guard of highly decorated leather, inlaid and heavily worked in silver and gold.

A shooting glove is worn to protect the three shooting fingers—the (Continued on page 39)



GIRL SCOUTS LEARN TO MAKE THEIR OWN BOWS, ARROWS AND QUIVERS AT CAMP

Are You Successful in Sports?

By LUCILE MARSH

WE HAVE all noticed that some girls seem to excel at everything they attempt—tennis, swimming, horseback riding, golf, dancing. Then there are those of us who, no matter how hard we try or how long we practice, are just mediocre or worse. Sometimes we begin to wonder if these successful ones aren't special darlings of the gods and go a charmed way through life. But in our saner moments our common sense tells us that is nonsense, and we decide to analyze our problem systematically.

If we keep at it long enough we will discover that there are certain fundamental skills which are required for excellence in any sport or physical activity. What is more, most of these can be acquired if we just set about it intelligently.

The first thing that makes, or mars, our success is our attitude toward what we are trying to do. When we notice how easily and happily these successful ones do things, "So could I," we think, "if I were as successful as they." But let us remember this attitude is not the result of success; it is one of the reasons for success. So, the next time we try to make a basket in basketball or land a ball just where we want it on the tennis court, let us check up on ourselves. Do we say to ourselves, "Oh, I can never seem to do it." And are we tense and discouraged? Or do we say to ourselves as the successful ones do, "Here it goes right into the basket." The most important thing in the world is to keep thinking confidently of what we are trying to do. Let us guard against allowing our minds to wander to unimportant or distracting thoughts like, "I wonder if people are looking at me", "What does Miss So-and-So think of my



CONCENTRATION HELPS TO MAKE THE DIFFICULT DIVE SEEM EASY

game", "What if I should miss this", "I should have practiced my technic", "When will I ever get this", "I can't do it".

I have asked hundreds of successful athletes, dancers, acrobats and performers of all kinds what they think of while they are working. They all answer: "I am thinking about what I'm doing."

"Do you ever think how you are doing it?" I have asked, and have been answered something like this: "Goodness no! That would distract my mind from what I am trying to accomplish." I have also asked many of these star performers if they enjoyed themselves, or if they were nervous and fearful. They all tell me they have enjoyed the activity as long as they can remember. We can profit by their method by remembering to concentrate on exactly what we're trying to do and enjoy ourselves immensely while we're doing it. Now to the more physical aspects of success in sports.

In my experience in teaching certain principles of body control I have learned that there are five or six fundamental abilities that will always come to the rescue. One of the most important is lightness. If you are light on your feet you can move more quickly, more surely, and more gracefully. But to be light on your feet you have to have healthy, flexible muscles in your feet. Try these exercises:



IN JUMPING BALANCE IS AN IMPORTANT FUNDAMENTAL

1. Spread your toes apart like a fan; close them again. Repeat until every toe spreads out.

2. Curl your toes under until you can count five little white knuckles sticking up on the top of each foot.

3. Stand firmly on both feet, toes pointing straight ahead. Rise slowly on your toes while you count fifteen. Hold ten counts. Sink slowly to heels while you count another fifteen.

4. Standing as in Number Three spring up and down on the feet without even letting the toes completely leave the floor and without making any noise. This is the spring you need in diving, dancing, tennis and many other activities.

5. Now spring as far as you can off the floor and land without a sound by letting the foot roll smoothly from toe back to heel. (Continued on page 36)

Tenpenny Girl

M EG, herself an attractive and popular high school freshman, felt it was unfair that many of the girls who did the planning and execution of school parties either had to go to them unescorted by a boy or had to stay at home. She determined to make her seven-year-old brother Dave and his Tenpenny Gang appreciative of the girls who really did the work—whether their hair was straight or curly.

Dave's gang had its clubroom in the abandoned town jail which dated back to pre-Revolutionary days and about which there was a legend that if a prisoner knew how he could escape from the jail by means of a tenpenny nail alone, although no one knew just how.

This legend made the boys eager to keep their clubroom if they had to buy it stone by stone. So they planned a Saturday afternoon sale to start their bank account. After much persuasion and sisterly domination Meg induced Dave and the gang to let plain, sturdy but straight-haired Chrissy Andrews help in the sale. But the boys had their way, too; they asked curly-headed, pretty, feminine Dorothy Small to help them as well.

Preparations began with Chrissy working like a Trojan and Dorothy about to take her decorative place of honor.

By GLADYS HASTY CARROLL

Illustration by Marguerite de Angeli

the flagging-like stone foundation about it were still as firm as when they had been laid. Over the flagging great yellow heads of goldenrod clustered,

like a frame for the figures of the children who ran up and down behind their improvised counters. There was much clean white paper and vari-colored candy in heaps. Occasionally an ice cream cone was held up through an opening in the floor. Red tenpenny nails swung cheerfully over panting young chests, and a sign at the edge of the sidewalk, pointing in the direction of the old jail, said in red letters:

HELP THE TENPENNY GANG! BUY SOMETHING!

"Bless their hearts," said Phyllis. "What do you say, girls? Shall we?"

"I could do," said Meg, "with one of those cones." And to Dorothy Small quizzically, "How's business?"

But nothing seemed to be farther from Dorothy's thoughts than business. She had acquired a little blue and white striped canvas camp chair and one of the boys had placed it for her high on a jutting bit of the stone work. Against that blue and white, among the goldenrod, she looked like a vision of Indian summer. But she was selling nothing whatever. She seemed content with waving a hand gracefully or smiling at prospective customers.

"You mustn't forget, Meg," murmured Phyllis, convulsed at the picture, "that the ringmaster is a very important part of every circus."

"Even ringmasters," Meg returned, "crack whips."

At Dorothy's feet all eight boys were running back and forth, filling the girls' orders and those of the several children and two indulgent mothers who had come up from the street and who now stood waiting with nickels and dimes halfway out of their purses. Occasionally Chrissy's rather strident voice accompanied the cones that she passed up through the ceiling of the dungeon.

"Dave," Meg called, "may we look down there—where Chrissy is?"

"Sure," Dave told her. "Nickel admission to the gang's room. See the dungeon and try to get out without using the ladder! Only a nickel!"

"Robber!" exclaimed Meg. "Outlaw! Bandit! That's the price of a cone—and these are very good cones."

But while Phyllis and Mary were finishing their seconds on strawberry, she deposited the required amount and walked over to the trap door.

Ten feet below stood Chrissy in a well of dimness. A cool sweep of air came creeping up to Meg. Chrissy herself was wrapped in a funny, ragged old sweater. Before her stood three rusted ice cream freezers and a great pan of cracked ice, which she kept dipping into with chapped, paint-stained fingers.

CHRISSEY!" Meg called. "I'm coming down."

"All right," Chrissy said. "But I can't talk. I'm busy. We've took in a dollar and forty-two cents already. The two cents was what Mrs. Canobie paid for what candy that little Sonny of hers took. He had it all eaten before anybody saw him, so nobody knew how much it was. She paid two cents. This's the clubroom. Isn't it grand?"

And that was every word she said. Meg climbed down the steep ladder and made her way around the cold, echoing room. It had no windows, its ceiling being level with the ground, and the only sunlight and wind came down through two narrow cracks overhead. The air smelled old and musty.

PART II

JUST as Dave was finishing a business man's lunch of carrots and tomatoes and whole wheat bread and custard, Chrissy appeared leading Dorothy by the hand.

"Here's Dorothy, Dave. Where's her nail?"

"I don't want a nail, thank you," said Dorothy. "It's stained your dress terribly, Chrissy. How'll your mother ever get it out?"

Meg turned for a glimpse of the newcomer. She was smaller than Chrissy, and very pretty, very dainty, with fluffy yellow hair and soft hands and crisp, immaculate skirts. But there was something rather stupid about her face as she regarded Chrissy.

"She won't, I guess," Chrissy was saying. "I keep all my stains in. Say, I guess you're foolin' about the nail, aren't you? It's the tenpenny. It's the emblem of the gang. They're lettin' us wear 'em all afternoon. Aren't you, Dave?"

"It's wet," Dorothy pointed out gently.

"Sure. We just painted 'em. Here."

"Dave," pleaded Dorothy fetchingly, "I don't have to, do I?"

Dave slammed back his chair and glared at Chrissy. "'Course she don't have to," he said. "Let her alone, Chris."

He opened the back door and motioned Dorothy out ahead of him. Chrissy stood staring.

"She didn't want to wear it!" she said in bewilderment at last. Then her face cleared. "Whee-e-ee! I'll be the only girl ever did. Whee-e-ee!" And was racing after them in such high spirits that she buckled her small body with every step until the ends of her hair brushed her heel.

"Plucky youngster," thought Meg, clearing away the dishes.

It was about three o'clock when Phyllis and Mary Andrews and Meg, all three in new knitted suits, strolled down Walnut Street and stopped for a minute by the ruins of the old jail.

"Heavenly day," said Mary. "See our young fry hustle."

The wooden roof and walls of the building had long ago been torn down and carried away, but the stone floor and

Meg ran her hands along the wall, kicked at edges of stone in the floor, and felt convinced that the old shoemaker must have dreamed that story about the man who built it. No tenpenny nail could work escape from there. No axe, hammer, and crowbar either, she expected. She felt a flicker of regret that she was too old and wise implicitly to accept the story as Dave and his gang did.

"It's too bad for you to stay here alone all the afternoon," she told Chrissy as she started to climb up to daylight again.

"Oh," said Chrissy, "I like it! It's the gang's room. I think it's grand. 'Magine the way it was built!"

Chrissy believed it too, then. Lucky Chrissy.

After the ice cream, a stop at the library, and a walk through the village, the girls came back to Meg's porch for the afternoon. Time passes rapidly where there are girls and pillows and a couch hammock, particularly in June when spring is fast catching up with summer. It was six o'clock when Mary glanced at Phyllis' watch and gasping, said she should have been home long ago.

"Dear me," yawned Phyllis, "and I do believe it was my turn to get supper tonight, too. Won't Grace give me a black look when I wander in! Never mind. All she got last night was tomato salad and peach preserve. Now I ask you was that a full turn at getting supper?"

"Maybe a lot more than she'll do this time," said Meg warningly. "And sorry to hurry you, girls, but will you tear along up to the corner and send Dave down here? It will be his bedtime before he can eat and have his bath. Tell him he doesn't want Ken and Claire to get here first. Though there's no danger of that, trust the lovely Claire!"

"I'll send him," promised Mary, "and take Chrissy along with me if she hasn't gone yet. Probably she already has."

But fifteen minutes later Dave still had not come. At half past six Mary telephoned.

"Meg, has Dave come home?" There was anxiety in her voice.

"No. Did you see him and tell him to?"

"He wasn't there. Nobody was. I supposed they must have all started home. But Chrissy hasn't come yet."

"Well, what on earth—"

"Mother's worried. Chrissy was going to get in at five. She's awfully decent about promises and things."

"Is she? Dave won't make 'em. But he knows when he's supposed to be home. Oh, the nuisances!"

"I'm sort of worried myself—"

"Listen, Mary. I'll call up Mrs. Parnell. Reed was with them."

"Oh, do! And please let me know—"

For a while the neighborhood wires were kept very busy. Reed had been in for dinner, Mrs. Parnell said, and now was out with his father. He had been very enthu-

siastic about the sale, and Mrs. Parnell believed the children had made quite a bit of money, but she did not know where Dave and Chrissy were. Meg called the Sturtevents. Spice, his father explained, was at home, but had come in an hour too late and disgracefully dirty. He had been put to bed without a mouthful and nobody was to say anything to him until morning. Spice's father slammed down the receiver. Meg supposed he had red hair, too, and sighed for poor Spice. She had a feeling that she would be rather sweet to Dave when she got him safe home again.

Meg," begged Mary, her voice now frankly aquiver, "I just called Adelaide Small. She says Dorothy came home before six. Dorothy said she was the last one to leave. All the rest had gone."

"Gone! At six o'clock! It's seven now."

"Yes, ten after. What *do* you make of it, Meg? Adelaide says there must have been funny goings-on up here this afternoon. She says Dorothy's dress is all smouched, her knees are just as dirty as can be—and Dorothy *never* gets dirty. And she's all tired out and nervous and acts awfully queer."

"Probably been a wild day for Dorothy," Meg disposed of that. "Well, I'm going to start walking the streets, Mary. Up to the jail first. I'll find them."

The place where the children had held their sale was very quiet and deserted. A few torn bits of paper rattled among the goldenrod stalks, a stack of boards attested to the fact that there had been counters, and Dorothy Small's little blue and white chair, folded now, leaned against a corner of the flagging. But the youngsters had disappeared. The trap door into their clubroom was closed, and the rickety ladder lay beside it in readiness for their next visit. Meg bent over and tried to lift the door, but could find no handle, no edge wide enough for her to get a hold.

"I wonder how they get this open when they want to," ran through her mind. "The funny things. Oh, bless your rascally hearts, where are you? Come, you can't have vanished!"

She turned away toward the street. Down at the other end she could see Mary and her father hurrying along, glancing into alleyways and into idle trucks. Peter, an older brother, came into sight on his bicycle. His face was queerly grim and intent.

"Oh, Davie," thought Meg, "you're *somewhere*. Davie, I believe I've been forgetting the way you used to pucker up your eyes when you were a baby and I took you riding in your carriage. I wish I'd never let you out of the yard today—just to make you notice Chrissy. Davie, only come back and I'll let you marry anybody you say!"

Somewhat the village down below looked larger than usual and very busy. Meg could very easily imagine two small (Continued on page 48)



"IT'S WET," DOROTHY POINTED OUT.
"SURE. WE JUST PAINTED 'EM"



FOUR INTENT COOKS ARE NOT TOO MANY FOR A VERY HUNGRY TROOP OF GIRL SCOUTS WHO HAVE HIKEED ALL DAY AND WHO LIKE CRISP BACON ON TOAST

AN ACCIDENT ON THE TRAIL IS NOT MUCH TO BE DREADED IF THE TROOP IS AS EXPERT IN FIRST AID AS THESE EVANSTON, ILLINOIS GIRLS ARE

Girl Scouts Know and



WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY GIRL SCOUTS ARE MAKING AN EXPERIMENT IN ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY. SO FAR NO DIRE RESULTS HAVE HAPPENED AS AN OUTCOME



us Learn to and to Do

A WEST VIRGINIAN
SEEMS VERY MUCH
AT HOME BESIDE
HER TOADSTOOL IN
A SPRING MEADOW.
HER SMILE TELLS
OF BROWNIES' FUN



A GIRL SCOUT'S
WATCHFUL CARE HAS
SOMETIMES MADE A
GARDEN BLOSSOM
WHERE NONE HAD
EVER BLOOMED BE-
FORE—SUN AND
RAIN HELPING, TOO



AN EXPLORING YONKERS, NEW YORK
TABBY WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO MEET
UP WITH SOME GIRL SCOUTS FROM
HER HOME TOWN WHO SKILFULLY
BANDAGED HER SORELY WOUNDED PAW

MRS. FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, NEW HON-
ORARY PRESIDENT OF THE GIRL SCOUTS, AND
MR. WALTER W. HEAD, PRESIDENT OF THE BOY
SCOUTS, WERE HONORED GUESTS AT A FIFTEEN-
CENT MEAL AT THE WASHINGTON LITTLE HOUSE



TROOP SEVENTY-FOUR, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA APPEARED IN A FLOWER PAGEANT

WITH school drawing to a close and camp still a few weeks off, Girl Scout troops are enjoying every minute of the first long sunny days. The air is exhilarating. It calls the troops out-of-doors and prompts them to put their imaginations to an infinite variety of uses. What does it matter if they live leagues from the sea? They are Jack Tars when the mood demands. They may never have smelt the salty tang of rolling breakers but they tie bowlines and sing chanseys just the same.

They like to "dress up", so attics are ransacked for costumes, and crêpe paper blossoms out as almost any flower—for they try out whatever rôle they feel like assuming in pageants, parades and plays. If incidentally they win a proficiency badge, it's all in the game. It's the fun of learning how to do a thing well that spurs heart and hands and heels.

A Bazaar al Fresco

Under the delicate early summer skies in Monterrey, Mexico, gaily costumed Girl Scouts held a bazaar at the American School. Margaret Jauckens writes us:

"All morning long the girls had been very busy building the booths and at three-thirty everything was ready. People started coming on the hour. The first booth, decorated in green and orange crêpe paper, showed our handicrafts. Two girls, dressed in the same colors, sold handkerchiefs, pads for hot dishes, purses, necklaces and embroideries made by the girls. The next booth was given over to cooking. It was fixed up in pink and blue and two girls dressed in white sold delicious cake and candies. This was one of the busiest booths. We really could have sold two or three times as many sweets as we had.

"Then came the art booth, modernistically decorated in black and silver. Here were sold silhouettes, oil paintings and vases made by the girls. The next booth was where flowers were sold—masses of Easter lilies, roses, nasturtiums, pansies, and all those flowers Spring brings us.

"Last came the ice cream booth, decorated in white and pink, and with a Mickey Mouse enjoying a huge ice cream cone. The next was the tea room. Here were five bridge tables where guests might sit down and enjoy iced tea and homemade cakes. People came and went until every single thing

had been sold. Nothing was left but the earnings—about seventy-five dollars."

Shove Off! Heave, Oh Heave!

They live far away from the rattle of the sailyards, these Girl Scouts of Sunflower Troop, Pease School, Austin, Texas. But what of that? Able seamen they when it comes to passing Girl Scout sea-tests:

"In starting on Second Class work," so Pansy Rollins's letter reads, "each of us dressed as a sailor lad or lassie. We tied knots as nautically as we could—reefs, sheepshanks, bowlines, clove hitches, sheet bends, sailors. Then we signaled a message to each other from a distance and told the audience the importance of signaling and how it can be done.

"Since to know directions is so vital to a mariner, one of us explained the use of the mariner's compass. Another told how to find time and direction by the sun; another how to find the direction by the wind and clouds. Still another told how to tell time and direction by the stars and she also told the legend of the Big and Little Dippers.

"During our program we sang several chanseys—the *Red Herring* and the *Mermaid*, in action. We made up the action and it might have been better, that's true, but possibly some other troops would like to act them out."

Star Gazing and Tree Planting

To know the constellations even though one never puts

So Their

and Girl Scouts in rôles varying as

to sea is valuable to Girl Scouts of every age and inclination. Another inland troop studied the stars from books and charts when a downpour dimmed the sky—

Troop Five of the Jamestown, New York Girl Scouts matched their nimble fingers and seeing eyes against the assaults of pouring rain.

Fourteen girls of Troop Five held an overnight hike at Camp Newatah. We met at the home of our lieutenant and left in cars provided by some of our parents.

"We soon appreciated the beauty of Camp Newatah as we walked down the road to camp. Wild flowers were blooming everywhere and birds were singing all around us. The first disappointment we encountered was when we could not get into the lodge, but thanks to one girl's father we were soon inside.

"The supper squad immediately started to work while the rest of the girls prepared the beds. The evening was spent around a campfire where songs were sung and ghost stories and stories about the constellations were told and star charts were studied.

OUR STAR REPORTER

The best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month. She receives a book as an award. To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must contain no less than two hundred words, no more than three hundred. It should answer for "American Girl" readers the following questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Lists of names are not to be given except as they are essential.

FOR JUNE, Holley Redington, Troop Seven, Syracuse, New York is Star Reporter. Holley tells of a Pet Show—

"Did you go to the Animal Fair? All the dogs and the cats were there—besides birds, rabbits, guinea pigs, goldfish, raccoons, an alligator, and a tiger cub.

"The spirit of rivalry ran high, not only for the coveted ribbons and awards, but for the dubious honor of chief noise maker. The loud laments of a temporarily deserted police dog mixed with the yowling of the cats and the raucous croaks of the parrot, while the cooing of the pigeons lent a pleasing harmony to the bedlam of noise. 'Life in the raw' was exemplified when cats snarled from their cushioned boxes several feet above the paws and teeth of dogs scaled from Great Danes to toy Poms. Aristocratic Leghorns refused even to touch bills through the bars with lowly Plymouth Rocks, although Belgian hares and common bunnies excitedly exchanged impressions of the Second Annual Girl Scout Animal Fair and Horse Show.

"Interested spectators dashed from one display to another. The horsemanship exhibitions, the trick dog show, and the final awarding of prizes alone would have been enough to hold the attention of everyone, to say nothing of the thrill of leading your dog into the ring like a real exhibitor, or the even greater joy of pinning a ribbon on your pet's cage.

"But the loudest noise did not insure a prize. A canary led the bird class. The most interesting entry was adjudged the alligator. And the best-displayed pets were a group of bears playing in a 'Beary Patch'.

"A table of trophies donated by generous Syracuse merchants gave a keener edge to the competition. So from Pekinese to ponies, animals as well as humans had one grand, good time at the Girl Scout Animal Fair and Horse Show of the Onondaga Council of Girl Scouts."

World's A Stage

*their time play many parts, their
the hour or quick decision decrees*

Poems were read, too. Then we went to bed at ten-thirty, and in no time were fast asleep.

"On Saturday morning at five-fifteen some of the smaller girls went on a bird walk while the lazy ones stayed in bed. Then later while the dish washing squad cleaned up, a few girls hiked to Chedwell for some milk and cream. In the meantime it began to pour rain, and when the girls returned to camp they were very wet but it didn't take long to remedy this situation because everyone offered some piece of clothing for a change. The weather didn't dim our spirits—there were too many things to do while staying in the lodge. We spent the morning making knots and playing signaling games, and we received instruction in the making of a rope stretcher and a Klondike bed. It was great fun trying them out.

"During the pouring rain our leader with

her sister went out and planted a George Washington cherry tree which had been given to the Girl Scouts. The weather didn't make any difference to them—we heard them singing the *Tree Song* as they planted the tree."

Bones and End-Men

When the Cicero, Illinois Community House's stage curtain went up one night it revealed black men galore. In reality they were Girl Scouts of the Warren Park Troop about to begin their "Darktown Jamboree". Anticipation ran very high in both audience and players alike. Neither it seemed could wait for the curtain to go up. Mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters—all

gathered to see the newly imported troupe from a Dixie "befoh the wah". And, from the account, we believe they got their money's worth.

"The house was packed," so we read, "and the show was a fine success. Some sixty girls took part—mammies, pickaninnies, end-men, big black boys, a watermelon chorus, lovers, quartets and guests. During the entire evening the end-men, the bones and the rest kept the audience laughing by their funny antics. Even though a black boy's make-up came off and smeared itself across a mulatto girl's face as he kissed her, the show wasn't daunted.

"We had rehearsed for only about two weeks in advance. Each patrol selling fifty tickets was entitled to the kind of party it preferred. The night

of the minstrel each girl brought candy. A small sum was made by selling it to the folk who came to witness the minstrel. Money was also made on programs by selling advertisements.

"Our main objective in giving the minstrel was to raise funds to build a Girl Scout cabin at Camp Woods Lewton to stand through the coming years as a remembrance of our troop. We planned it all on our front lawn before the minstrel was ever given! In all over two hundred dollars were taken in. From this money we had to pay for a few costumes, properties, programs, and incidentals. We had more than enough left to build our cabin—almost enough to build two!"

Fortunate Wild Flower Finding

Although their state is rich in tropical flowers it evidently isn't always an easy task to find the ones a discriminating Girl Scout troop wants. But, the flowers found, the troop will sometimes take first prize. At least that is what Citizen Troop of

West Palm Beach, Florida did, according to the following account:

"This troop had just completed requirements for the Wild Flower badge and looked forward to any opportunity to use its knowledge.

"Every afternoon for three days before the flower show, the girls hunted wild flowers, but got more red bugs than anything else. However, at the end of the three-day period they were able to boast of a beautiful collection of about one hundred and fifty specimens, most of them common wild flowers, but also a few rare species.

"On the first day the whole group went to a
(Continued on page 45)



NATIVE LEGENDS GIVE SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO GIRL SCOUTS A WIDE FIELD FOR THEIR DRAMATIC TALENT AND THEY PRESENT THEM OUTDOORS SEVERAL TIMES A YEAR

THEIR MINSTREL SHOW ENABLED THEM TO BUY A CABIN IN THE WOODS—HERE IS WARREN PARK GIRL SCOUT TROOP, CICERO, ILLINOIS AT THE "DARKTOWN JAMBOREE"



INFLATION?

Last month the word heard everywhere was "inflation". Would we have inflation? If so, how much?

Paper dollars may be described as checks issued by Uncle Sam and by certain large banks. Like one of our own private checks, a paper dollar is good for the amount which it bears on its face only as long as we feel sure that Uncle Sam's credit is good. Backing up his credit are, roughly speaking, four things: between three and four billion dollars' worth of gold, most of it stored in bank vaults; a hoard of silver most of it also stored; public buildings worth several bil-



lions of dollars; and the right to tax the people and take from them money necessary to run the government.

As long as we all feel sure that Uncle Sam is not issuing any more checks—that is, currency—than his credit is good for, we are willing to accept his checks at their face value. As long as his credit is good, we can also take a gold certificate and get practically full value for it in any civilized country.

But suppose Uncle Sam suddenly stops giving gold in exchange for gold certificate paper dollars; suppose he locks up his gold in the banks and refuses to give it out; suppose he even demands that citizens who have large amounts of gold shall return it; suppose, after he has done this, he starts his printing presses in Washington and prints billions of dollars' worth of extra checks (paper money) without first acquiring extra credit to back them up; suppose he next issues millions of dollars' worth of extra silver coins, not one of which is actually worth, in silver, the amount it bears on its face; suppose, finally, he borrows and spends, or gives to those in need, a couple of billion dollars more than his actual income—if a private creditor did any of these things, you would begin to wonder how much his checks were really worth.

In April Uncle Sam, hard-pressed by falling income, did the first of the two things mentioned above: he refused to give out gold, and made it illegal for citizens to hoard large amounts of it. This was called "going off the gold standard". Toward the end of May, Congress, acting for Uncle Sam, went even farther; it gave President Roosevelt power to do all the other things mentioned above if he should find it necessary; power to print billions of dollars of extra paper money; power to increase the amount of silver money in circulation, and power to borrow billions for relief.

The fact that this country had actually gone off the gold standard, and the fear that the President might be forced to use these other powers granted him by Congress, made both Americans and the rest of the world look with distrust on the American dollar. They did not know whether, six months from now, the dollar would be worth only ninety cents, eighty cents, or even as little as seventy or fifty cents. So many of them began to exchange their dollars for stock and goods, which did not run such a danger of decreasing in value. This increase in the number of paper or silver

What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

dollars, and decrease in the value of each dollar, is called "inflation". President Roosevelt has promised not to let the value of the dollar sink to ridiculously low levels, as did the currency of France and Germany when they went in for inflation a few years ago. When the World Economic Conference, meeting this month, has closed, we shall have a clearer idea of what the nations are going to do about inflation, which is linked to the other important subjects of tariffs and international debts.

LADIES

In April President Roosevelt again indicated his interest in the welfare of women and his faith in their ability to hold office. His Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins, first woman to hold a major cabinet position, was already in the thick of the Washington turmoil, fighting for a bill whose aim was to give work to many men and women now idle by limiting the number of working hours in most industries to



thirty a week. Success in providing new jobs, however, would mean only half a victory; it was also necessary to protect the wages of job holders and prevent unscrupulous employers from cutting them below an amount on which a man or woman could possibly live. Exactly this thing was being done in several places, notably Mr. Roosevelt's home state of New York. There the efforts of garment makers to undersell each other had forced down the wages of women and girl workers, particularly, to the old sweatshop levels, sometimes as low as two dollars a week. President Roosevelt believed that one way to cure this evil was to pass laws making it illegal to pay less than a fixed minimum wage, and sent telegrams expressing this belief to the governors of a number of states in which the same wage-cutting evils existed. . . . During this same month the Chief Executive also appointed women to two more important



offices. Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, eldest daughter of William Jennings Bryan, for so long the most prominent figure in the Democratic party, was made Minister to Denmark, the first of her sex to hold such an appointment. Her choice seems to have

been hailed enthusiastically by the Danes. A short while later the post of Director of the United States Mint was given by Mr. Roosevelt to Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, former governor of Wyoming.

PANORAMA

A great catastrophe stunned the country in April, the loss of its huge navy dirigible *Akron*. While on a practice cruise over the eastern seacoast, this enormous lighter-than-air ship ran into a severe storm, lost height and crashed into the ocean. Three of those on board, including Lieutenant-Commander Wiley (a survivor of the *Shenandoah* crash) were picked up from the ocean and lived. Radioman Copeland was picked up but died later. The rest of the officers, crew and guests, among whom was Rear Admiral Moffett, chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, went to a grave in the Atlantic. As a pathetic anti-climax to this tragedy, the navy blimp *J-3*, searching the ocean for any possible survivors from the *Akron*, also crashed, killing her commander and two of her crew. The whole sad business meant the loss of seventy-seven lives and over \$5,000,000 in government property. It was the worst accident in the history of aviation and will, in the opinion of many people, put an end to the building of dirigibles by the government.

. . . On the cheerful side of the national picture in April was what one observer has called "the world's most smashing blow at the dope evil." For several years forward-looking people in this and other countries have fought for some kind of international agreement which would limit the production and sale of habit-forming drugs. Always they have been defeated by powerful business interests whose leaders were making so much money by debauching their fellowmen that they were not willing to agree to any curb. For any one nation to promise not to produce or sell any more opium, for instance, than was needed for medical purposes would do no good while so many other nations were permitting unlimited trade in narcotics. Nothing could be accomplished unless all the principal nations concerned "swore off" simultaneously. This was exactly what happened on April tenth. Twenty-five countries, including the United States, which had been a leader in



the good fight, signed an agreement to allow the League of Nations to take control of the manufacture and distribution of narcotics. When the new agreement goes into effect, on the thirteenth of this July, a board of eight members from different nations will meet in Geneva and decide the quantity of narcotics that each country may produce or buy, in accordance with its medical needs. The only sad note in the song of rejoicing which greeted this victory came from those who pointed out that China is the principal opium-producing and opium-using country in the world, and that although she may fervently promise to cut down the number of acres which she has been planting in poppies, there is no one in the country strong enough just now to see that the promise is carried out.



Do You Want to Be a Playwright?

Now is your chance to write that play you've always wanted to write. And, who knows, you may win a prize in this new Contest

WHEN we had our AMERICAN GIRL Poetry Contest, we discovered many excellent poets among our readers. In fact, so good were they that, after two years, we still have in our files several poems that we believe are worthy of being printed in the magazine. Our Poster Contest brought us some excellent work, too, but on the whole, the quantity and quality were so much below the quantity and quality of the poems that we have come to the conclusion that you who read the magazine are more interested in writing than in drawing. Therefore, we are announcing another contest that involves writing, and we hope that we shall have as many entries and as good ones to consider when the contest closes on August first as we had at the end of our Poetry Contest.

This year we want you to write plays—one-act plays suitable to be produced by girls of your own age. The contest will be divided into two parts and contestants, if they wish, may enter plays in either or both of these parts. Division One will consist of one-act plays entirely original as to plot and characters; Division Two will include one-act plays based on stories—in other words, dramatizations of someone else's plot. Collaboration is permitted.

The Prizes

For the best play in Division One a Remington portable typewriter will be given as a prize. The author of the best play in Division Two will receive an overnight bag. For the second best play in each division a book of plays will be the award.

The Judges

The judges of the contest will be Mr. Hatcher Hughes, director of the Morning-side Players, professor of playwriting at Columbia University, and author of several successful plays, among them *Hell-Bent for Heaven* which won the Pulitzer prize in 1924; Miss Adrienne Morrison, actress and producer, formerly director of the Children's Theater, and now a play agent; and Miss Oleda Schrottky, director of Dramatics and Pageantry of the National Girl

Scouts, who has written many one-act plays and who has had wide experience in helping girls put on just the sort of plays that we hope you will write.

We asked each of the judges to give a few suggestions on the writing of one-act plays. Miss Morrison replied: "The only remarks I can make in the way of general advice on writing this type of material are that the end of the play is the high spot and must be effective and that the middle is the place for the conflict. These conditions apply whether the subject be comedy, drama or tragedy. I would also advise the contestants carefully to read and study the method used in some of the really good one-act plays, such as the volume of four by St. John Ervine, and W. W. Jacobs's *The Monkey's Paw*."

Miss Schrottky agreed with Miss Morrison that the reading of good one-act plays is one of the best preparations she knows for writing them. There are books, too, which she recommends for would-be playwrights and which are listed below. She also added a word of advice to you who are Girl Scouts. "Don't," she urges, "feel that, in order to have a good play for Girl Scouts to act, you must personify the proficiency badges and have all your characters Girl Scouts. It is possible to portray the spirit behind Girl Scouting without mentioning a badge."

The Rules of the Contest

1. The Playwriting Contest is open to all readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL eighteen years of age or under.
2. Any contestant may submit one or more plays in either or both divisions of the contest; Division One comprising entirely original plays, and Division Two, plays adapted from stories already written.
3. Plays should take between ten and twenty-five minutes to act. (Usually an 8½ inch by 11 inch double-spaced typewritten sheet of dialogue runs for one minute.)
4. Plays may be of any sort—fantastic or realistic, but must be suitable for production by girls. (This does not mean that there may not be male characters, since in troops and colleges many plays are given in which girls act men's and boys' parts.)

5. Plays, if possible, should be type-written. In any case, only one side of the paper should be used. In the top right-hand corner of the first page should be the name, address and age of the author, with her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

6. Plays must reach THE AMERICAN GIRL office not later than midnight on August first.

7. All manuscripts should be addressed to AMERICAN GIRL Playwriting Contest, AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York.

8. No manuscripts can be returned. So keep a copy of yours if you want one and do not send return postage.

9. The first prize in Division One of the contest shall be a Remington portable typewriter; the first prize in Division Two an overnight bag, and the second prize in each division a collection of one-act plays.

Books About Writing Plays

- Creative Expression*, edited by Gertrude Hartman and Ann Shumaker, John Day Company—from page 257-339.
Amateur and Educational Dramatics by Hilliard McCormick and Ogleby, Macmillan—Chapter Five.
The Stage and the School by Katharine H. Omnanney, Harper and Brothers—Part Four.
Creative Writing by Mabel Robinson and Helen Hull, American Book Company. (This book deals with the writing of stories but contains helpful information as to characters and plot.)

Some Plays to Read

- Plays for the College Theater* by Garret H. Tiverton, Samuel French, Ltd.
Plays for Young People by Florence Anne Marsh, Allyn and Bacon.
Harper's Book of Little Plays, selected by Madeline D. Barnum, Harper and Brothers.
Little Plays from Greek Myths by Marie Oller and Eloise K. Dawley, Century Company.
 Mrs. Goldsmith in her March, 1933, book article in THE AMERICAN GIRL reviewed several other volumes of plays to which you may want to refer.

You Can Make Angel Food

—and many other kinds of the delicious sponge cake family as well

By JANE CARTER

MAYBE you will not believe it when you read the title of this article—but it is true. The first really beautiful Angel Food cake I ever saw was made by a sixteen-year-old girl, and it won first prize in a junior club cake contest at our state fair. That gave me my ambition to learn how to make one, too—and in learning to make prize-winning Angel Foods myself, I found out a lot of interesting things that I want to pass on to you.

The first most important thing to know about Angel Food is that it is of the sponge cake family, and that means that nothing is used to leaven it except the air that you yourself beat into it. It has no baking powder and depends upon air, and air alone, to rise to its beautiful white fluffy heights—*air sifted into the flour—air beaten into the egg whites—air folded into the delicate batter.*

Here is an ideal cake for June parties, commencement affairs, church suppers, and strawberry festivals, one which can easily be an accomplishment of every Girl Scout cook if she follows directions.

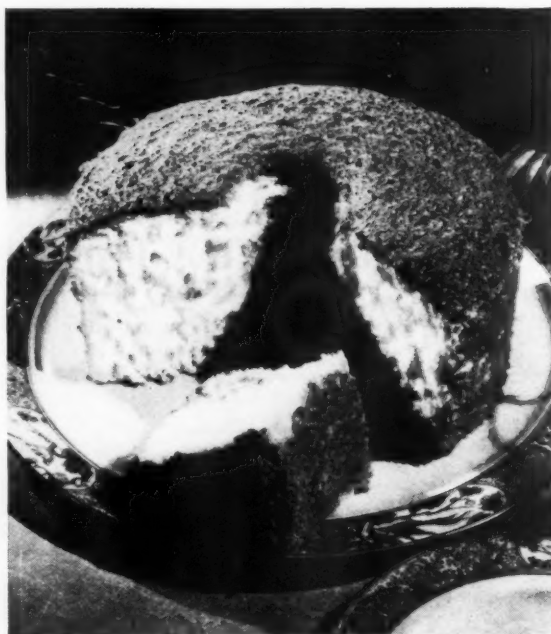
Angel Food Cake

(8 to 10 egg whites)

- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1 cup egg whites
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted granulated sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract

Sift flour once, measure, and sift four more times. Beat egg whites and salt with flat wire whisk. When foamy, add cream of tartar and continue beating until eggs are stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Fold in sugar carefully, two tablespoons at a time, until all is used. Fold in flavoring. Then sift small amount of flour over mixture and fold in carefully; continue until all is used. Pour batter into ungreased angel food pan and bake in slow oven at least one hour. Begin at 275 degrees Fahrenheit and after thirty minutes increase heat slightly (325 degrees Fahrenheit) and bake thirty minutes longer. Remove from oven and invert pan for one hour, or until cold.

NOW before you start to use the recipe let me tell you a few things about it. First get out your ingredients and have all your utensils ready before you start your mixing—your standard measuring cup and spoons, your spatula for leveling off your measurements, your flat wire whisk for beating the eggs, a metal spoon for fold-



AIR ALONE BRINGS ANGEL FOOD CAKE TO ITS FLUFFY HEIGHTS

ing in the sugar and flour, and an ungreased tube pan for baking. Then start your slow oven—set it for only 275 degrees Fahrenheit—for we want the cake to cook slowly.

Your cake flour must be sifted once before you measure it, in case it has packed down as it stood in the box. After you measure the one level cup turn it into the sifter, and be sure to do the four more siftings the recipe calls for, in order to enclose the greatest possible amount of air—*“air sifted into the flour”* we want, as I said before.

There are three things I want you to know about the eggs. First, if you live in the country and have your own chickens, do not use freshly-laid eggs. Eggs should be at least three days old to whip up satisfactorily for a successful Angel cake. And secondly, be sure to measure the egg whites by the cup. Eggs vary so much in size that sometimes eight will be enough, but you are more likely to need nine or ten to make a level cupful. The third important thing about the eggs—and perhaps this is the most important in the whole cake—is to know when enough air has been beaten into them. They must be stiff enough to “hold up in peaks” as the recipe says—but they must still look moist and have a glistening sheen. Do not let them get dry and lose their gloss. If you do, they will be overbeaten and spoil your cake. *“Air sifted into the flour, air beaten into the egg whites,”* as I said earlier.

And next comes the *“air folded into the delicate batter”* with the sugar and the flour. You not only want to fold in more

air but also to keep in the air you have already beaten into the eggs. So you take a metal spoon and first sprinkling two tablespoons of sifted sugar at a time over the egg whites, fold it in with a revolving motion—cutting down, lifting up and folding over the top of the whites—not stirring, not beating—only folding. Down, up and over like a Dutch windmill slowly turning, or a ferris wheel at the county fair. After the sugar is in, you add the flavorings and then continue the same motion with the flour—slowly and gently—sifting a small amount of the flour onto the white mixture from the sifter. This makes the fifth sifting of the flour and means still more air going into the cake. *“Air sifted into the flour—air beaten into the egg whites—air folded into the delicate batter.”* And when you have all the air carefully enclosed, your Angel Food is ready for the pan.

Notice the recipe calls for an “ungreased pan”. All sponge cakes, leavened only by air, need ungreased pans so that the batter can cling to the sides as the eggs expand and the air pushes the cake up to its full volume. The little bit of cream of tartar called for in the recipe helps to strengthen the egg whites and makes them able to hold as much air as possible.

After the batter is poured into the pan, take a spatula or knife and cut through it several times to make sure there are no large air bubbles left in it from the pouring.

THE baking of an Angel Food is as important as the mixing—it must be baked slowly, at a low temperature, so that the cake may rise perfectly and gradually to its full size. And after it is baked, do not try to take it out of the pan until it has stood inverted at least an hour and is thoroughly cool. Then cut around the sides and center tube with a knife.

If you want to make a chocolate Angel Food cake, substitute one-quarter of a cup of breakfast cocoa for one-quarter of a cup of the cake flour, use one and one-quarter cups of egg whites, and omit the almond flavoring. Otherwise you can use exactly the same recipe for regular Angel Food—mixing and baking the batter in the same way.

After you have learned to make an Angel Food cake successfully, it will be easy to take a regular yellow sponge cake that uses the yolks as well as the whites of eggs. A sponge cake is such a lovely party cake and can be used so many ways for June entertaining. It also makes a splendid picnic cake, for it does not need to be frosted. After it has cooled just let it

stay in its pan and pack it, pan and all, in the picnic basket. It will carry perfectly.

Sponge Cake

(5 eggs)

- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- grated rind and juice of 1/2 lemon
- 5 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
- 5 egg whites
- 1 cup sifted sugar

Sift flour once, measure, add salt, and sift four more times. Add lemon rind and juice to beaten egg yolks, and beat with rotary egg beater until very thick and light. Beat egg whites with flat wire whisk until stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Fold in sugar, a small amount at a time; then egg yolks. Fold in flour, a small amount at a time. Bake in ungreased tube pan in slow oven (325 degrees Fahrenheit) one hour, or until done. Remove from oven and invert pan one hour, or until cold.

The only additional thing to know about this recipe is how long to beat the egg yolks. They should be beaten with a rotary beater until they are so thick that they have almost the consistency of mayonnaise. "Thick and lemon-colored" the recipe says—and to get them this way you will have to beat hard for a good five minutes.

So far we have had recipes only for true sponge cakes. But sometime when eggs are less plentiful you may want to make a sponge cake and make it quickly, too. Then try the "mock sponge cakes" in which baking powder is used. They are delicious and they do not have to be so conscientiously mixed for in them the baking powder does the main work of leavening.

Economy Sponge Cake

(2 eggs)

- 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten until thick and light
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 5 tablespoons boiling water

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Then add the sugar very, very gradually to beaten eggs, beating well. Add lemon juice. Fold in flour, alternately with water, mixing quickly until smooth. Bake in ungreased pan, eight by ten inches, in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) forty-five minutes, or until done. Remove from oven and invert pan until cold.

If you learn how to know when egg whites are stiff enough—moist but not dry—and then learn to beat egg yolks sufficiently, you can mix a sponge cake that is just as successful as

your Angel Food. Your arm may get tired beating the yolks but the cake's worth it.

Orange Sponge Cake

(2 eggs and 1 egg yolk)

- 1 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs and 1 egg yolk
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- 1/4 cup water

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Add one-half cup sugar to eggs, and beat with rotary egg beater until thick and lemon-colored, adding remaining sugar gradually. Add orange juice and rind and water; then add flour and beat with rotary egg beater until smooth. Bake in ungreased pan, eight by ten inches, in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) thirty minutes, or until done. Remove from oven and invert pan one hour, or until cold.

All kinds of delicious desserts may be made from sponge cakes. Cut it in squares and serve with chocolate sauce, butter-scotch sauce, or sweetened whipped cream dotted with coconut, or a luscious topping of egg white, sugar and crushed berries.

Now I shall give you a recipe you will like, I feel very sure. Most girls do:

Old-Fashioned Jelly Roll

(four eggs)

- 3/4 cup sifted cake flour
- 3/4 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 4 eggs
- 3/4 cup sifted sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup jelly, any flavor

Sift flour once and measure. Combine baking powder, salt, and eggs in bowl. Place over smaller bowl of hot water and beat with rotary egg beater, adding sugar gradually until mixture becomes thick and light colored. Remove bowl from hot water. Fold in flour and vanilla. Turn into pan, fifteen by ten inches, lined with greased paper, and bake in hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) thirteen minutes. Quickly cut off crisp edges of cake. Turn from pan at once on to cloth covered with confectioners' sugar. Remove the paper. Spread with jelly and roll. Wrap in cloth and cool on rack. For a moist, butter sponge roll, fold two tablespoons melted butter into the batter before turning into pan.

Jelly rolls are lots of fun to make. You must have a large flat sheet pan with a low rim around it in order to have a cake thin enough to roll nicely. The mixing is easy to do, but when you take the cake from the oven, work very quickly.



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IF THE relationship between air and Angel Food cake is understood and if the mixing is handled gently and lightly, I do not know any Girl Scout who cannot achieve something that will make her the envy of many a grown-up woman. For a perfect Angel Food cake is an achievement—not because it is hard to make—for it is not—but because some of the simple rules of making it are frequently not sufficiently understood by the cook.

Jane Carter

South Sea Adventure



(Continued from page 9)

Alice learned how to bind her feet together with a twist of coconut fibre and "jack-knife" up the slippery trunk of a coconut tree; and, perched like a fly in the topmost branches, to pull and twist at the green nuts until they fell with a thud to the sand below. Sometimes swimming far out in the lagoon, the two girls lay on their surf-boards waiting for the long green rollers that would pick them up like match sticks and carry them, standing upright, through the boiling waters, to throw them spent and exhausted on the sand. Some days they roamed the jungle with the other young people of the village, looking for oranges or bananas or bread-fruit. Alice had astonished them all by knowing how to make fire after their own fashion with sticks—a Girl Scout trick she had always been good at.

One day the Princess suggested a trip to the top of Pahia, the single high mountain that formed the backbone of Maurua. Moana wanted to gather *lupe* eggs to make a special kind of omelet of which the King was inordinately fond. Alice was delighted at the prospect. It was a long grilling climb up the steep slopes of the mountain side, through the dense undergrowth. Once a wild boar tore snorting through the bushes only a few feet from them. Alice saw the flecks of foam on his gleaming tusks.

Under the rocks they found countless nests of *lupe* eggs and set about filling their fibre basket. The eggs were small and it would take many to fill the mighty stomach of King Roasted-and-Eaten, so not until the basket had been filled to the brim did they stop for rest. Under the cool shadow of an overhanging rock, they sat and ate mangoes.

"MOANA!" cried Alice, suddenly. "Can't we see Hidden Harbor from here?"

"Ai!" assented the Princess. "I will show you—" Her keen native eyes began to search the distant shore intently. Then she gave a little exclamation and sat bolt upright, clutching Alice by the arm. "*E pahi!* A ship!" she exclaimed, pointing down to the distant water. Alice's eyes vainly tried to follow the pointing finger. She had good eyesight, but it was not so keen as this girl's. Moana, trembling, held her head in exact position, and she saw it then. Just a tiny speck in the harbor, that ship. But she leaped to her feet, for the sun, glinting suddenly on the hull had thrown back a flash of red light. Red Monahan!

Moana clutched Alice excitedly. "We must return to the village and tell the King. He will send his men over the mountain pass to capture the schooner."

Alice hesitated. It would take three hours for her and the Princess to reach the village. Then three more hours for the men to get to Hidden Harbor. It was now mid-afternoon. Probably Red Monahan had entered the harbor at daybreak and had many hours of good work behind him. He might well be gone with his booty before Uncle Bob or the King's men could overtake him. No! Suddenly she was decided. They would not return to the village. They would go down

there to Hidden Harbor themselves as fast as they could, and—and—What would they do when they got there? She didn't know. But they would have to do something, that was all. If Red Monahan got away with Uncle Bob's pearls just because she was afraid to do anything about it, she could never face her uncle or herself again!

Without attempting to explain any of this to Moana, she seized the girl by the arm and started at a breakneck pace down the side of the mountain toward Hidden Harbor. Thorns and bushes caught at them and tore their clothing. They found a wild pig path, ran down it as fast as they could, came out on the edge of the beach, not a hundred yards from the scarlet-hulled *Typhoon*. Here, under cover of the thick undergrowth, they paused to reconnoiter.

THEY discovered that there were three outrigger canoes with five men in each, floating on the lagoon half a mile from the schooner. Natives were diving and returning to the canoes with their plunder. The girls could see no one on the schooner. Alice thought that they would hardly leave a lookout on the ship when they could command a perfect view of the shore and the reef passage from the canoes. The girls held a conference, then set to work. If they hadn't been so busy the men in the canoes might have noticed two green bushes slowly wriggling across the sand into the water.

Red Monahan was sitting in the center canoe, a large knife in his hand, opening shells as fast as the divers could drop them at his feet. Since daybreak he had been occupied in this endeavor and his labor had already been richly rewarded. By nightfall he would be gone, with the hold full of valuable "gold lip", and hundreds of gorgeous pearls locked in the security of his cabin on the *Typhoon*.

"So," muttered Red Monahan half aloud. "That native didn't lie after all! This harbor has got the finest shell I've ever laid eyes on!" He laughed exultantly. "Guess this'll be a pretty good joke on Bob Hathaway! Thought he had this little place all sewed up and nobody else knew anything about it, didn't he? Ho! Ho! Well, Bob, this isn't the first lagoon I've looted and, by gorry, it won't be the last!"

In the shelter of a rock the two girls discarded their leafy camouflage. Then they breathed deeply, filling their lungs with air and exhaling slowly, just as the pearl divers did before diving. They would have to swim under water to the far side of the *Typhoon*. It was twenty-five yards or more. Could they make it? If they should be forced to come to the surface they would surely be seen by the men in the canoes. A strong offshore breeze was setting in, ruffling the calm waters of the lagoon. That would help a good bit. Moana took a final deep breath and dived. Alice followed suit. Together they swam side by side with long unhurried strokes under the hazy blue-green depths.

Fish darted hastily away in fright at their approach. Once a shadow slipped swiftly overhead and Alice shuddered. A shark! Her breath was almost gone. Where, where was the ship. She seemed to have

lost all sense of direction. She knew that she couldn't swim much farther. Moana was a shoulder ahead of her, still swimming. Alice clamped her teeth into her lips against the flood of breath that seemed as if it must burst from her lungs. Dense black shadow ahead—the hull of the *Typhoon*! A great wave of relief surged through Alice. She could have wept. Moana had swerved sharply to the left and Alice followed. She found herself gripping a chain. The anchor chain. Cautiously, quietly, the two girls clung there, breathing deeply.

Then as quietly as possible they climbed up the anchor chain over the stern and crouched behind the binnacle. Peeking around the corner, not knowing what to expect, they saw the deck of the *Typhoon* piled high with shell. Then Moana clutched Alice's arm and pointed to the far side of the deck. A native lay in the full sunlight, bound hand and foot, his eyes wide open and dull. What happened next Alice could never have imagined in her wildest dreams. Moana, rising suddenly, called out a name in a fierce, subdued voice. "Mapu!" The head of the native jerked sidewise and his eyes brightened. "Moana!" he answered faintly. At a run the Princess sped across the deck and knelt beside the native. Alice saw that the girl was crying as she tugged at the knots. Picking up a pearl shell Alice ran to her friend's assistance and sawed at the tough strands of the rope with the sharp edge of the shell. In a moment the youth was free, rubbing his stiffened joints. He and Moana were conversing hurriedly in Mauruan.

"Quick, Mapu! We have no time to lose. There are no others on board?"

"None, Princess. They are all out in the canoes. They left me bound here so that I should not escape and give warning. When they were through with their work they meant to throw me to the sharks!"

They were interrupted by shouts and sounds of commotion coming from the canoes. The men had stopped their work and picked up their paddles.

QUICK, Mapu!" cried the Princess with a voice like a whip. "The anchor! Up with it! You, Alice, take the wheel!" The native girl, was taking command of the situation like a seasoned skipper. Her strong hands were pulling on the mainsail. Mapu had hauled the anchor aboard and joined Moana at the ropes. The men in the canoes were shouting furiously as their paddles dug at the water. Oh, oh, thought Alice, would the sail never fill! The breeze was strengthening but the canvas was still slack. Up, up the mainsail rose, to be made fast.

Mapu sprang forward and hoisted the jib. The wind caught the *Typhoon* and canted her head round, slowly. Alice swung the wheel and pointed her nose for the pass in the reef.

The canoes were gaining on them. The girls could hear the excited voices of the men, and Red Monahan standing in the bow was hurling curses at them. Mapu had hurried below to see if he could start the engine. There came a faint *pu—pu—* The engine was protesting. It gasped and



died. Alice's heart sank. Looking back over her shoulder she could see Red Monahan standing in the bow of the nearest canoe, his hands outstretched to grasp the rail of the schooner and spring aboard. She shuddered.

Ahead lay the treacherous reef passage through which they must go in order to escape. Alice remembered what Uncle Bob had said—that it was the most dangerous pass in all the islands. Could she hope to guide the *Typhoon* through that channel? Luck was with her. The tide was on the ebb and the water was pouring like a mill race out through the opening. If only she could keep clear of the rocks that yawned hungrily on both sides!

There was a sudden explosion from the exhaust as the engine came to life again. The *Typhoon* trembled, then sprang into sudden motion. Out of the corner of one eye, Alice saw a canoe draw alongside and saw Red Monahan lay one rough hand on the rail to pull himself aboard. But in that second Moana had seized an oar and struck with all her weight at the man's hand. With a howl of pain Red Monahan let go. The *Typhoon*, under sail and power now, leaped ahead straight toward the reef passage.

Alice swung the wheel slightly to starboard and hung on for grim death, uttering up a fervent prayer. The current caught the escaping schooner, and like a chip on a mill race the *Typhoon* tore through the treacherous passage, with water hissing and boiling all about, out into the open sea. The canoes fell back. They could not have lived in that tumultuous water.

LATE that night a grand celebration was in progress. The entire population of Maurua had gathered, and in the place of honor beside the King and Uncle Bob, sat Alice and Moana and Mapu. Mapu had related how he had been kidnaped in Tahiti by Red Monahan's men, and how, under threat of torture and death, he had been compelled to reveal the secret of the Harbor. The King had dispatched his strongest warriors to the opposite side of the island, where they had little difficulty in rounding up Red Monahan and his men. All of Monahan's firearms were on the lost schooner and he was at the mercy of the warriors.

It wasn't until Uncle Bob and Alice were on their way back to the palace that they remembered the one hundred thousand franc reward.

"Looks to me as if you and Moana would have more money than you know what to do with," laughed her uncle. "Fifty thousand francs apiece is quite a nice little sum, to say nothing of a large quantity of pearls found in the cabin of the *Typhoon* which belong to you, too!"

But Alice only squeezed his arm affectionately. "The reward should be divided in thirds," she told him. "For without Mapu we could have done nothing. Oh, Uncle Bob! Just think! My vacation is almost over, and I'll have to go back to school and—and—" Her voice faltered and she stopped, for she hated cry babies.

"Well, well," replied her uncle consolingly, "don't forget that there are other vacations to come. And that Maurua will always be here, and Moana and Mapu. And, yes—even Red Monahan. Perhaps he will have escaped by next year and the French Government will hire you to round him up all over again!"

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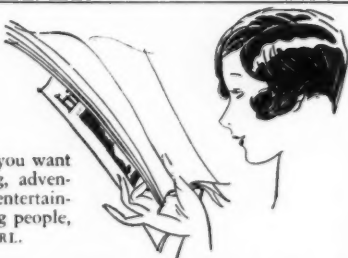
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A Successful Sportswoman?

(Continued from page 23)

Remember always to use your foot in this flexible, resilient way when you run, jump or dance.

ANOTHER way of achieving lightness is to keep your weight held up off your feet. Stretch as tall as you can. Do you feel you are lifting your weight up? Now drop your arms down, but nothing else. Walk around the room holding your weight up in this way. See how lightly you walk. Remember this when you are playing games, dancing or even walking down the street. It will help to give you that graceful efficient elasticity that insures speed, endurance and beauty of movement.

Flexibility is another great asset for the girl who wants to be successful in activities. She must be able to bend forward, backward, sidewise and around at a given movement without the least difficulty. Test your flexibility with these exercises:

1. Stand straight and stretch as tall as possible with your arms over your head. Now slowly stretching all the time, bend your body over forward until your hands touch your toes, your elbows touch your knees, and your chest touches your thighs.
2. Stand about two feet away from the wall. Stretch arms over head. Leaning backward and stretching all the while, walk down the wall with your hands until you touch the baseboard; now walk back up with your hands.
3. Stand straight and stretch up with hands over head, feet two feet apart. Bend to the right until the right hand touches the right ankle and the left arm is parallel to the floor. Repeat slowly to the left remembering to keep stretching.
4. Stand with back against the wall, heels touching baseboard, arms down at sides, try to turn at your waist until both your shoulders face and touch the wall. Repeat to other side. Be sure your feet remain still.

WHEN you're trying to do a jackknife dive, a backhand stroke in tennis, a hand stand on the beach, or even to catch a ball in water polo, you will find the flexibility which these exercises give you a great asset.

Balance is another important fundamental skill. Mrs. Wightman emphasized it in her articles on tennis, but it is equally necessary in other sports. Whether you are doing a swan dive, dancing a tango or climbing a mountain, the ability to keep your balance in new and difficult positions spells success. Test your balance this way:

Stand up very tall with arms at sides. Mark a chalk line where your toes touch the floor. Pretend you are as flat as a paper doll so you will make yourself as thin as possible. Next try to condense yourself by pressing the arms tightly to your body. Now jump lightly up and down in place. If you always land in the same place your balance is good, but if you move to one side or forward or back it means your weight is held too much to the side to which you move. Now try standing on one foot. Be sure your arch is held up, your knee is

turned out and your hips are held tightly together. Take different positions on one foot but be sure the center of your chest is always directly over the foot on which you are standing.

At a large athletic meet which I was judging last summer I kept track of the postures as well as of the scores of the contestants. In every case the winners had the best posture. We wondered at first how that could be, and then we realized that the person who holds good posture day after day is keeping his body in the most efficient readiness all the time. Every part is in place and the muscles are constantly balanced and controlled. Naturally, such a person starts with a great advantage. Notice next time you are out on a hike that the girls who get tired first are not those with the best posture. Let's get into perfect posture right now and see how comfortable it is:

Feet about three inches apart, toes pointing forward, arches held up, knees turned out, hips pinched together tightly, abdomen held flat against the backbone, elbows rounded, shoulders relaxed and drawn back but never up, chest up but not out, neck straight in back. Head high. Now ease up all over without losing the good position because good posture to be attractive must look easy and natural to you. Endurance in athletics, in fact in anything, can be acquired by any girl who will analyze the cause of her weakness and determinedly set about overcoming it.

Correct living habits are, of course, fundamentals. You can never have the endurance to keep up, much less excel in activities, unless you have plenty of wholesome food, pure water (eight to ten glasses a day), untroubled sleep, and at least two hours a day out in the sunshine.

In actual contests, remember to keep happy and self-confident. Never strain yourself. Watch out for your breathing too. Especially in athletics, the girl who breathes well has a great advantage. First, be sure you are breathing in every part of your lungs. Test yourself like this for correct, complete breathing:

1. Put your hands in the position of hips firm. Breathe in. Now your hands should be pushed out by the pushing out of the ribs.
2. Put both hands on your back just slightly above waist. Breathe in. Are your hands pushed out by your ribs as they should be?
3. Put one hand in front, the other hand in back just above waist. Breathe in. Are both hands pushed out by ribs?
4. Put your hands on your chest, along your collarbone. Breathe in. Are your hands pushed up?

YOU see, it is necessary to breathe proportionately all the time in all parts of your lungs in order to develop them symmetrically and well. When you are running hard or under physical strain try to breathe deeply, slowly and rhythmically. Instead of gasping for more, force yourself to breathe out hard and you will feel relieved.

Success, after all, is nothing mysterious. It has no favorites. Any one of us who will set herself to analyze those who are successful, and force herself to follow the simple fundamental rules by which they succeed need never be very far behind in the race of life. It's one we all can win.

BEAUTY MAY DEPEND ON WHAT YOU EAT

Thousands of girls gain radiant loveliness

—by “drinking sunshine”
every day

YOU see them everywhere—in the classroom, on the campus, in the street—lovely, buoyant, radiant girls just glowing with life and vitality. Eyes follow them admiringly. Boys and girls seek their friendship. They are popular—because everybody likes a peppy girl. They are radiantly lovely—because their bodies receive the proper amount of nourishment.

No wonder thousands of girls drink Cocomalt regularly—every day. They want to look and feel their best always; and they know that the best way to do this is to be sure that they get the right kind of food elements necessary for sturdy, lovely development.

And Cocomalt is the answer. This delicious chocolate flavor food-drink contains extra carbohydrates, proteins, food-calcium and food-phosphorus—food elements every girl needs and must have. It is rich in Sunshine Vitamin D which assists nature in converting the food-calcium and food-phosphorus into strong bones, sound teeth, a well-shaped head.

When you drink Cocomalt with milk you are literally “drinking sunshine”. For sunshine is the source of the important—and highly necessary—Sunshine Vitamin D. The rich supply of Sunshine Vitamin D in Cocomalt qualifies this delicious food concentrate as a worthy substitute for sunshine the year around.

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Girls, for energy, pep, radiant loveliness—drink Cocomalt at every meal. Made as directed, Cocomalt actually adds 70% more food-energy nourishment to milk. You'll love its delicious chocolate flavor—served hot or cold. It's sold at all grocery and leading drug stores. But be sure you get the genuine Cocomalt and not a misleading imitation. For trial can, send coupon below and 10¢ (to cover cost of packing and mailing).



Cocomalt is a scientific food concentrate of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.



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Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I am enclosing 10¢ to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Address

City

State



The Hoodooed Inn

(Continued from page 14)

After lunch Ran began to tinker with the radio, and Pan was sitting on the stoop, trying to read, when Jud Everts appeared.

"HELLO, there!" he hailed her. "They told me down at the village that the Peterses left. Say, is it your father that's gone and got lost in the woods somewheres? And your aunt was smashed up in a auto accident? I didn't know the ins and outs of it all 'til I got talking to the postmistress at the funeral this afternoon. I thought all along the Peterses was some relation of yours, but she says not. She says she understood you lost money, too."

Pan nodded forlornly.

"I wonder if I could trouble you for a leetle drink of water."

"Certainly," Pan sprang up.

"Fine day fer Miss Whispell's funeral. Didn't you know? She died Tuesday and was buried today. Not a relative there, except the niece that died's second husband. Been having any more trouble with that there graveyard? My idea is, 'twas foolish to meddle with it."

"Nonsense!" said Pan uneasily.

"Well, there's something wrong! You know, there's allays been talk of a ghost here. The old folks used to say it was this Ary's, but my folks knowed better'n that."

"Why did they know it wasn't Ary's ghost?"

"You want to hear 'bout it? Well, there's no reason now why you shouldn't. Gran'ma made me promise not to tell the story to any of the Whispells, or to anybody as long as they was living. This was near sixty years ago, but I remember what she said plain as day. I was a kid gittin' over the measles, an' she was over eighty years old. Our family allays worked for the Whispells, an' when you earn your livin' workin' fer folks, they's things you don't say. But now she's dead—Well, it was this way. Gran'pa and Gran'ma when they was young knowed this Ary and this girl he was sweet on real well. Ary and the girl disappeared within two months of each other."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Pan.

"What you think I mean?" The old man chuckled. "I guess you heard the story they tell 'round here about this Ary being murdered and chucked into the glass furnace by old Pete Whispell. Gran'pa said he believed it himself, until one day, 'bout a couple o' months after Ary disappeared, Gran'pa—he was over at the glass company's dock on the Hudson with his team—was handed a letter by the captain of a sloop. Gran'ma said the sloop had a funny name. The *Santa Claus*, it was called. The captain was a Dutchman and they allays made a lot of that saint. Well, the captain give Gran'pa the letter without saying a word except he'd be on the up-trip to Albany in 'bout a week, if he wanted to send an answer, and when Gran'pa start-

ed to ask him questions as to who it was from, he only winked mysterious-like and turned away. Gran'pa wasn't used to getting letters and he was kind of worried, but after a while he got 'round to opening it, and if there wasn't another letter inside, and this one was addressed to this Frony Newkirk.

"What's that? No, she hadn't disappeared then, but was still workin' for the Whispells, and moping something terrible. Gran'pa was smart enough to say nothing to nobody until he put this letter alongside of some bills of lading that Ary had made out for the glass house, and sure enough, the writing looked the same. 'So,' says Gran'pa to hisself, 'he ain't murdered, after all.' He took it home and give it to Frony, who near fainted, 'cause she knew right off it was Ary's writing, but she couldn't make head nor tail of what he said."

"Was it poetry?"

"I dunno, but it was very queer, probably 'cause he was afraid the Whispells might see it. Well, finally she made out that he wanted her to come to Albany on that sloop the *Santa Claus*, and marry him. There was something 'bout a best dress, and Frony said she'd promised when her term of service was up and the Whispells had to give her a Sunday dress, she'd git married in it."

ST. NICHOLAS, good holy man, put your handsomest mantle on!" cried Pan.

"Hey? Oh, 'nother thing was that Gran'pa should drive her at night to the river with his team."

"Everts's span," said Pan, "but I don't know where that came in."

"I'm tellin' ye, he druv her over."

"And what happened next?"

"I don't know for sure. But she prob'ly got on the sloop, 'cause she was never seen in these parts again. Whispell died of a stroke six months after. And I tell you this, if I was you, I'd either have him dug up and taken away, or I'd have the stone put back where it was. Yes'm."

At any other time, Pan would have considered such advice ridiculous, but just now, in her forlorn mood, she gave it a morbid consideration.

"When did they think they saw Ary's ghost?" she asked.

"A little while after Whispell died. The widow see him by a flash of lightning during a thunderstorm. He was looking fer something near Pete's grave. Well, I got to be gittin' home. So long!"



One by one the threads unwind—in the July issue—but not without another thrill or two. The mystery of the old Dutch rhyme and the bewitched graveyard refuse to be solved without a prickle and shudder.

What has happened so far in this story—

Pan Forrest, Ran, her brother, and her aunt have just moved into an

historic house in the Catskills when Mrs. Revell, the aunt, is hurt in an automobile accident. Mr. Forrest had left a few days before on an expedition to South America.

Mrs. Revell will have to remain in a sanatorium for several months so the two young Forrests are left with a large house. At the suggestion of Mrs. Peters, the new cook, the house is opened as Waffle Inn.

Pan finds the diary of Frony Newkirk, a girl bound out in 1809 to Peter Whispell, original owner of the property.

The first customers of the new inn are two girls, one of whom, Judy Cockburn, tries to buy from Pan an old blue bowl.

One evening a few days later when Avis Bruyn, the other of the new inn's first customers, and her mother stop at the inn, Jud Everts tells them he won't go near the archery green which Mrs. Peters has had laid out on the site of an old graveyard—that on old Peter Whispell's tombstone a skull and crossbones gleam!

Soon after that a dealer in antiques when at the inn offers Pan fifteen dollars for her blue bowl. She refuses, since she has promised Judy Cockburn not to sell it without letting her know. Pan hides the bowl.

The next day while in the village she meets Ran coming away from a news shop and looking very disturbed. He discourages her from buying a paper, telling her that he has one with him which she may read. When she starts to read it, however, Pan finds that an article has been cut from the front page!

Ran has become friends with Gerry Forsythe whom Pan particularly dislikes. He is not at home when Pan decides to go to Albany with the Bruyns for an appraisal of her blue bowl—even though she has no bowl to show. It has disappeared. In Albany she learns that it was sold for three hundred dollars by the antique dealer to Mr. Lockwood.

A FEW minutes before Pan goes to Albany, Mrs. Peters discharges her because she has refused to say the fake antiques are real.

On her return to the inn Pan finds that Ran has gone off on a motor trip with Gerry Forsythe. Ran gone. Her bowl gone. Is there a connection between the two?

Then ill luck tumbles down upon Pan: Julia Cockburn is furious upon hearing that Mr. Lockwood has the blue bowl; Mrs. Peters turns Pan out of her own room which, in her few hours' absence in Albany, she rents to a tourist; Pan is accused of theft by the tourist, and is locked in her room by Mrs. Peters—without food.

Pan escapes from the inn by imitating a method described by Frony in her diary. She carries with her a blue glass pitcher found between the walls of the inn but cracks it before showing it for purchase to Judy Cockburn. Her hope of helping her aunt and Ran is gone—until Judy's father who knows Mrs. Revell arranges with the sanatorium for her care. Pan spends the night with Judy but on the following evening her hostess mysteriously disappears leaving a note for Pan. Judy had spent many hours deciphering a Dutch rhyme found in Pan's blue pitcher. Pan leaves Judy's house with Ran's friend, Gerry Forsythe, to go back to the inn. She dislikes Gerry but must get home. By mistake she wears Judy's sweater.

Good Times for Archers

(Continued from page 22)

first three fingers of the right hand. For this purpose a chamois glove with open thumb and little finger, perforated back, and leather-tipped fingers is highly satisfactory. Or you may prefer a set of three finger tips made especially for archers.

The archery target is made of straw, lightly wound, on which an oilcloth or canvas face is mounted. The standard tournament size is forty-eight inches in diameter and has a center of gold.

WITH your equipment proudly in your possession, let me give you a few hints about the archery range. It should be a grassy space if possible, and the target should be placed at the north end of the range, so the sun will not shine in the archer's eyes. If it happens to be shaded by trees down the sides, so much the better. A bank behind the targets is advantageous to catch the arrows that miss the mark. The standard range is one hundred yards, and is marked off at the needed distances—thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, eighty and one hundred yards. For the beginner, thirty yards is good.

Just as in other sports, there is the etiquette of the archery range. One of the first rules is that no one shall go after arrows until all have finished shooting, and that no one shall start shooting until all have returned to their places. This rule should be strictly followed for safety.

The fun of archery is that it is one of the sports in which women and girls excel. There is a deadly accuracy in the shafts sent by Mrs. Dorothy Cummings of Newton Center, Massachusetts, seven times winner of the National Championship for Women and holder of world records. And there is encouragement for young archers in the record of Miss Dorothy Duggan of Greenwich, Connecticut, six times winner of the Women's Metropolitan archery crown and holder of five world records at eighteen.

Suppose we take a look at Mrs. Cummings making one of the shots that have made her famous. She stands with the left side of the body turned toward the target, feet a few inches apart, one on each side of the mark, or line. Her posture is firm but not stiff, with the body upright and well balanced. Her head is turned toward the target, in an easy upright position. The right eye is in the same vertical plane as the arrow—in order to bring the nose out of the way of the string. The bow is held in a vertical position. The left arm is in a horizontal position, with the elbow slightly bent. The left hand grasps the bow with the fingers encircling the handle. The string is drawn back on a line with the face, the right arm at shoulder height, and the arrow lightly held between the first two fingers.

While archery is an individual game and every archer develops her own technic, the style best suited to her, it is a good idea to see good archers in action.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If you are interested in receiving a list of books on archery send a self-addressed stamped envelope with your request to Miss Anna Coyle, care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York.



● An automobile crash, a snake bite, a fall from the limb of a tree, sunstroke! These are emergencies you may have to meet. As a girl scout, you should be able to help. Equip yourself with the official scout kit.

Here's how you can get it without expense to you or your parents.

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Books as Presents

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH



THERE are two periods during the year when the recommendation of books seems more important than at any others—at Christmas, when stockings and holidays loom invitingly before us, and in June, when many of us like to remember our friends' graduations with gifts of books which shall be of permanent as well as of immediate interest. It is now about sixty years since James Russell Lowell launched his famous inquiry—"What is so rare as a day in June?" This year some of us feel like answering, "Really first class new books which girls will especially enjoy." This being the case, it seems a good opportunity to recall, first, some of our old favorites which have been brought out in special gift editions and, secondly, to present those few among the new books which speak with the authority and charm we demand of our literary companions.

Thornton Wilder's *Bridge of San Luis Rey*, a book indispensable in whatever form it appears, is now illustrated in woodcuts by Clare Leighton (Longmans, Green). More and more is the woodcut coming into its own. Though as a form of illustration it is not so popular in the same way as, let us say, the beautiful colored things of N. C. Wyeth, yet the more we study woodcuts the more their own naïve charm captivates us. Miss Leighton is one of the foremost artists in this field. We well remember her fine illustrations for some of the Thomas Hardy books, notably an edition of *The Return of the Native*, which appeared several years ago.

Wuthering Heights by Emily Brontë (Random House) is another classic which Miss Leighton has illustrated this year. If you enjoy shivering with the melancholy Emily, you can do so most luxuriously with this fine example of book-making spread open before you. We cannot help wishing that *Jane Eyre* had been chosen instead, because her story seems more gripping and interesting than the other.

Everybody's Pepsy, abridged and edited by O. F. Morshead (Harcourt Brace) and illustrated by the same Ernest H. Shepard who has made Christopher Robin one of the family, will also be a welcome addition to possible gift books. Not long ago there appeared in the "Conning Tower" column of the *New York Herald Tribune*, the

following poem by "Elsbeth," which made us think of Mr. Pepsy because it was so absolutely contrary to the code of one of the most garrulous of diarists. Here is the poem:

With emotion though you're smitten,
You are safe if it's not written.

In your heyday cut a caper,
Only don't confess on paper.

Totter on hell's dizzy brink,
But be shy of using ink.

Cruel is the run of men,
But deadlier than the sword, the pen.

Hating, loving or delighting,
Never tell the guy in writing!

Though, as far as we know, Mr. Pepsy didn't "tell the guy in writing" of his emotions, capers, totterings and love affairs, he confided them all to his diary, to the boundless delight of future generations. If one has a taste for his funny grumbings and confidences, this book whose illustrations so delightfully catch his spirit will take an honored place on your bookshelves.

Some girl graduates claim to have outgrown fairy tales and folklore. If they could see *Undine*, the old legend over which Jo March wept while Meg and Marmee were vainly calling her, they might change their minds. The book has beautiful colored illustrations by Arthur Rackham, and the original story by de la Motte Fouqué has been adapted by W. L. Courtney (Doubleday). This is not a new edition, but it is an especially lovely one. Speaking of folklore and legend, one of the new books which is likely to appeal to you is *Cricket and the Emperor's Son* by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Macmillan).

CRICKET was a Japanese apprentice whose reverence for the printed word brought about his deliverance from the silk merchant who employed him. One day a scrap of paper was blown in his direction—paper covered with "writing such as men used in the olden days when writing was as beautiful as any picture." It was a part of the beginning of a story. He took it home and after reading it put it carefully away. Next morning what was his amazement to find, when he took out the paper to pore over it again, that the story began just where it had left off. He tests out the marvelous sheet, and each time it tells him a completely new story. Confident that here is a miracle powerful enough to cure the Emperor's son, who is so ill that the entire kingdom is in mourning for him, he obtains entry to the palace and each night reads the sick boy a different story. The tales are as rich in imagination as bits of brilliant Japanese brocade, and it is small wonder that, after Cricket has read to the Prince for seven nights, his cure is complete and Cricket's days as an apprentice are over.

Another book of today entirely different in character from *Cricket* and well worth your attention is *We, the People* by Leo

Huberman (Harpers). This is a history of America told in an original manner which awakens us electrically to a fresh realization of the factors and events which have molded us. Its trenchant scholarship and enlightened point of view open up to many of us entirely new vistas of thought, just as Hendrik van Loon did when first *The Story of Mankind* was published some twelve years ago.

It is difficult to explain exactly how this was done; but we may say that heretofore we have accepted as a matter of course certain phrases, certain words which now take on a fresh significance. The word "slavery," for example. Oh, yes, we say, we know all about it. Not for nothing have we studied our Civil War period and read our Uncle Tom, and seen plays where blue-uniformed heroes fell in love with crinolined heroines whose Confederate relatives made the romance hard sledding. Not for nothing have we listened to negro spirituals and watched Memorial Day parades—that word "slavery" already has any number of dramatic connotations. In this particular book, however, these are enriched and deepened until the institution of slavery assumes an entirely new reality.

SOMEWHAT of the same feeling was experienced when we read Stephen Vincent Benet's *John Brown's Body*. Again, take the expression, "the hardships of travel." It is one thing to roll it trippingly on the tongue, and another to read these stark accounts from old diaries, when weeks and months passed under conditions bearable only because "We, the People" were determined to attain our goal at any sacrifice. Periods and events are treated as tellingly as are these examples of expression, and the result is a picture of American history which starts trains of thought leading to any number of stimulating goals.

It is interesting, after having responded to the unusual impetus of this book, to see what "We, the People" have done with our America after having wrestled with its physical, economic and national problems. That is, how do we live in it—in what manner and under what conditions do the people several states away, as well as those across the street or in the next town, exist? *Roundabout America* by Anne Merriman Peck and Enid Johnson (Harpers) tells us. This book is a combination of two volumes, the first of which presents the Old South, the Southwest and California; and the second, New York, New England, the Middlewest and Northwest. Its authors admit that they did not obey the slogan "See America First" and their national consciences were, fortunately for us, so tender that they atoned for their disobedience in this delightfully informal book. If you like descriptions of colorful places and interesting customs, enlivened with the graceful touches and quick response of keen-eyed travelers, you will be glad to own this book.

Last month we recommended to you a book which aroused our very warm enthusiasm—*Nature Rambles—Spring* by Oliver

P. Medsger (Frederick Warne). We did not then know that the author had won the John Burroughs Medal, or that his book is one of a series of four, the second of which, *Nature Rambles—Summer*, we suggest to you this month. The same qualities which were so valuable and so engaging in the first book are apparent in this second one, and the gentle art of country walking is again presented to you by a connoisseur. In connection with this book, *Seeing the Unseen* by Robert Disraeli (John Day, Junior Literary Guild) which demonstrates the use of the microscope, will open up to you the possibilities of intensive study of the minutest things, from the head of a fly to a grain of dust. These are exhibited to us by means of greatly enlarged photographs and simple descriptions. The book really accomplishes a double purpose for, in addition to giving glimpses of the teen-

ing and exciting worlds revealed by the microscope, the photographs are so interesting that some of us will bethink ourselves of possibly neglected cameras.

Two re-issues of books which long ago won their spurs conclude our list for this month. *The Country of the Pointed Firs* by Sara Orne Jewett (Houghton, Mifflin) appears in an inexpensive edition to emphasize anew her fine Maine characterizations. The way to get their real flavor is to have the stories read aloud by someone born and bred in the state of Maine. I was lucky enough to have that experience some years ago, and the combination of the Maine intonation with the story of "Poor Joanna," for example, was most telling. *Sonnets from the Portuguese* by Elizabeth Barrett Browning (Harpers) is also brought out in a new edition this year—an universally welcome addition to graduation gift books.

Native Talent

(Continued from page 20)

if it's to be held in the meat market. I never could stand so many departed sides of beef and mutton. But you children go along. I'm sure you will find it an enlightening cross section of the natives' amusements."

But Cynthia very nearly didn't go to the entertainment after all. For on Sunday afternoon she went sketching with Mrs. Brewster. It was windy—very windy for this time of year, Mrs. Brewster said—and the waves were shattering against the great cliff below the town. Cynthia painted happily—stifling her sneezes in a handkerchief so that she shouldn't be overheard and sent home—and did a color sketch that Mrs. Brewster declared was far better than her own work of the afternoon.

BUT about midnight Cynthia awoke with such a sore throat she could scarcely whisper. "Oh, darn!" she murmured feverishly. "What a bother. I do hope I'm not going to be sick."

She lay for a bit, then rapped gently beside her bed. She heard Nancy's springs creak, heard her mutter something sleepily, and in a moment the light of Nancy's candle appeared beneath the crack of the door. The crack widened and a sleepy voice asked, "Did you rap, honey? Oh, you poor thing!"

Mrs. Brewster was called immediately and then Madame. They applied a hot, oily cloth to Cynthia's throbbing throat. Then she was given something to inhale on a handkerchief. Cynthia muttered that it nearly blew off the top of her head, but it did miraculously clear her nose.

Next day she felt heaps and heaps better and protested that she could easily get up. But she was kept in bed until noon and then allowed out only for a short stroll in the sunshine, equipped with a handkerchief soaked in the breathing stuff. "But no more bathing or sketching unless it turns warmer," was the order of Nancy's mother.

There was, however, a final straw. At dinner that night Madame reported that she had seen the mother of the little girl—Léonie her name was—and that the woman refused to let the child pose.

"But how silly," stammered Cynthia. "What is the matter?"

Mrs. Brewster explained from Madame's conversation, "They are rather afraid of artists. The few who come here paint only

the sea and the dunes. They aren't accustomed to the idea of artists' models, not even for portraits."

So that Christmas cover had gone to smash, too! It would be hard to pick out another child, after having seen Léonie. Perhaps she'd have another opportunity to see the villagers at the Tuesday meeting.

Mrs. Brewster again gave her reluctant, though amused, consent to see the hypnotist. "If you'll take a fresh handkerchief with some of that 'Breathex' on it—"

"Three of 'em," promised Cynthia.

"And come straight home if you find you're in a draft, or if you start to sneeze."

"We will," came the chorus.

Mrs. Brewster laughed. "All right. And I may sound fussy, but a tiny village in a foreign country is no place in which to get ill."

They followed the crowd and the clomp of wooden shoes to the meat market at the center of the town. Here, in the big hall, benches, rough boards on trestles, had been arranged and the Professor himself stood at the improvised ticket window.

"Shall we be extravagant and take a two-franc ticket?" suggested Nancy.

"Let's," urged Cynthia.

The first two rows were very de luxe—benches with backs, but so hard and narrow that Cynthia was glad they had brought their steamer rugs for cushions. The children, giggling and whispering, somewhat awestruck by the promised entertainment, crowded into the seats behind them, and in the front rows sat the old ladies, some even with their knitting, very straight and stiff.

Everyone peered and craned and turned heads to see the two American mademoiselles, and discussed them in friendly fashion, but quite openly. Cynthia's bright beret and red coat, her gray eyes and dark curls, her shoes, her silk stockings, the ring on her finger, were argued and debated—and relayed by Nancy in a choked murmur.

"You are rich, since you wear a gold ring. Someone suggests that you are married, also because of the ring, but it seems Madame at the hotel has reported that you are still a *Mees* judging by your letters. Oh, here is our professor!"

M'sieu Reynaldo, who had been at once ticket-taker and dispenser, usher, and frightener-away of small boys who would press their snubby (Continued on page 42)

Life Story of a Lovely Print Dress



LUXED once



LUXED 3 times



LUXED 12 times
and still like new

- "Jean was thrilled with me from the start," whispered this lovely dress. "Then that day the good-looking senior asked her to ride, I couldn't have looked better. He's seen me often now, but he likes me as well as ever (I still look like new)!"

Lux is safe for your loveliest dresses. There's no harmful alkali as there often is in ordinary soaps to fade and shrink things, no cake-soap rubbing to streak color. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



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Native Talent

(Continued from page 41)

noses against the windows, at last barred the doors and strode proudly up the aisle.

"Look, Nancy, there's my lost model, Léonie. See, there at the end."

"Sh." Nancy nudged her. "He's going to begin."

The professor's performance started with a short talk on hypnotism—its great antiquity, its meaning and, mostly, about how wonderful he himself was at that ancient art. How, with the supreme power of his eye and a few passes of his hands—some-what soiled hands they were—he could control his subject and command him thereafter to do his bidding.

"I don't believe it," murmured Cynthia.

"Wait and see," muttered Nancy.

"I must have absolute quiet here, during my demonstrations," frowned Reynaldo.

HE asked first for two volunteers from the audience. After considerable shy shuffling of feet and chattering insistence on the part of their feminine escorts, two boys were shoved forward down the aisle. Laughing, red with embarrassment, the clumsy young fishermen mounted the stage, then half numb with stage fright awaited the next move.

"Silence," ordered the professor.

Then before the face of each volunteer he made passes with his hand, gave a low murmured command, and first one, then the other, became glassy-eyed and appeared to go into a waking sleep there on the stage.

Cynthia choked in her handkerchief. "Oh, dear," she thought. "I believe I'm going to sneeze, and how shall we ever get out of here!" But the scent on her handkerchief, though it nearly strangled her, did put a halt to the sneeze.

"You are now asleep," the professor told his subjects. "Lie down and roll over."

The two young men lay down on the platform and rolled over. There was a murmur of awe from the onlookers.

"Now this is a stairway and you are climbing up it," continued the orders. "Now open this door," where there was no door. "It is cold and windy out and the rain beats on your faces as you open it." The two staggered back, arms over eyes as though they had indeed opened a real door on a blast of wind and rain.

The exhibition continued with various orders. They were given water to taste, an empty glass to smell, but the professor directed that they smell or taste whatever he chose and their faces amusingly registered disgust or delight or surprise.

Only once did the little professor nearly lose his subjects. During a tense and silent moment the sheep in the yard uttered a prolonged "Ba-a-a!" The audience giggled hysterically and one of the young men began to come to himself again.

The professor waved his hands, snapped his fingers. "Go, it is finished," he commanded.

The two subjects blinked awake. If they had been caught abroad in their night-shirts, they could not have looked more red and sheepish.

Again the Paris professor called for volunteers, asking this time for two little girls as he had already demonstrated his power

over grown men. The children on the benches behind Cynthia and Nancy giggled and nudged, "You go—no, you go. Let M'rie go—let Léonie—" until five had been suggested and the professor, making his choice, called two to the stage.

"Oh, there goes my little model," murmured Cynthia, really distressed. "Can't we stop her, Nancy?"

Nancy shook her head, her eyes on the platform. "I don't know how we can. After all, the professor is French and we are just outsiders."

Cynthia subsided meekly but kept an eye on the little Léonie. What a lovely pose—and that one—and the next. Why, the child was a born model, a picture in herself.

She was also excellent material for the hypnotist, for she immediately obeyed his orders, going to sleep bolt upright in her chair before the professor's waving, commanding hands. The other little girl, older and of stouter stuff, was not so easy a victim but was also finally put to sleep. To Cynthia's relief Reynaldo used more discretion in this case and satisfied his audience by having the children do a little dance and by having them appear to smell a rose when he gave them an onion.

Then he asked if either of the girls was musical. Someone in the audience volunteered that Marie could sing but that Léonie could not sing a note. He then commanded Léonie to come forward and perform for them, "Singing correctly," he ordered, and named a nursery tune.

The child really had a very pretty voice and performed with considerable credit. Also, her friends seemed to think it marvelous that she could sing at all. But Cynthia, stifling a sneeze in her handkerchief, tapped a restless foot.

Good, it was going to end! Monsieur Reynaldo had commanded, with a sharp clap of his hand beside the ear of each child, that his subjects come awake. M'rie blinked her china blue eyes, smiled timorously and clattered down the steps to join her friends.

But with Léonie it was a different matter. As Cynthia, taking a deep breath of her "Breathex"-soaked handkerchief, watched with some interest, then growing apprehension, it seemed that the professor also was becoming concerned.

TO cover his confusion, he ordered the child to get up, to walk across the stage, to do various things, all of which she performed with her former obedience. But when he again made passes before her eyes, then, in a low tone to cover possible failure again, ordered her to waken, she remained as soundly, as blank-eyed asleep as before.

"I'm getting worried," Cynthia confided to Nancy through the muffling folds of her handkerchief. "Oh, but this stuff is strong."

"Worried?" Nancy turned big eyes on Cynthia. "Do you mean to say—"

"I don't think he can get that child out of that trance. I wonder—"

Cynthia turned to look around the audience. It, too, was beginning, unconsciously, to reflect the professor's concern. Quietly, three times now, he had given his command.

She glanced back again at the stage, then decided what she would do. Evading Nancy, she slipped out of her seat, past the two

old ladies who sat on the aisle. It was just a step to the stage, a step or two across it. Léonie's blank stare did not turn to follow her, but Cynthia knew that she had the attention of every other soul.

SHE smiled briefly at the bewildered professor and crossed to the child. From her pocket she drew a clean handkerchief soaked with the overpowering scent of "Breathex."

"I wonder," Cynthia spoke in English in the hope that the professor, being from Paris, knew a little of that tongue, "if the *petite enfant* would like to smell this." And before the hypnotist could protest, she had clapped the handkerchief to Léonie's little snub nose.

It was like a double dose of smelling salts. The American makers would have been proud of their preparation, though perhaps no such strange application of it had ever been suggested to them.

Léonie choked, coughed, strangled a moment. But the blankness left her eyes and she struggled to escape the handkerchief. Bewildered, for a moment she gazed at Cynthia, then smiled perfectly humanly.

Tactfully, Cynthia withdrew. "Merci, Professor," she murmured and backed down the steps.

She heard little of what followed; the professor's florid explanation of this occurrence, of the American's interference with his demonstration, but his willingness to let that pass—and so on and so on. The audience murmured polite amazement, stared at Cynthia, clapped at the end of Reynaldo's speech, and began to rise from the benches. The door swung open into the sweet, starlit night.

"Well!" stated Nancy. "You certainly distinguished yourself. Gosh, but that was a close call for Léonie. Wonder what would have happened—"

Cynthia shook her head. "But I knew something *must* happen if she got a whiff of this. It would have pulled a mummy back to life. Ah, here's Léonie."

The child's mother had appeared beside her, holding her hand. She at least was not unaware that the American *Mees* had done something, though she wasn't quite sure what, for her *petite*.

"Thank you," she murmured in shy, halting English. Then, that proving to be all she knew, she broke into fluent French which almost stumped Nancy to translate.

"She asks," interpreted Miss Brewster, "if there is anything she can do for the pretty American—make a bow, Cindy. She says she is very grateful to you and that it was very naughty for her Léonie to go up on the stage like that, before all the village. I've told her that we will come tomorrow to pay our respects to Léonie's household. We'll bring mother along, too. That all sounds sufficiently formal."

They streamed out into the fan of light across the cobbled road. The white caps and dark dresses of the audience melted behind them into darkness. The night was sweet and warm and there was a sound of the sea on the rocks, far off.

"Goodnight," called Cynthia. "Goodnight." Then slipped her hand into Nancy's arm.

"There," said Nancy, "is your December cover, my dear, and in such a funny way."

"Aitchoo!" sneezed Cynthia in reply.

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Heigh-ho! It's not Alackaday!

Here we are in June standing amid
Spring and Summer. Heigh-ho!

But we need not be too impressed with that familiar "Oh, well!—summer-will-be-here-soon" feeling. For there is so much to do and be. Really!

Your summer copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* will point the way toward many fascinating experiences. The July and August issues will help you extract greater fun from sports and pastimes.

Just as summer is the time to do things near the water so is it the time for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to aid you in doing things a little bit better. Beaches and sand bars are not only for sunning and swimming; they are places for clam bakes, picnics, camps, and gymnastics. Lucile Marsh will tell you in the August issue all about *Stunts for Sand Bars*.

Ethel McGary, former Olympic distance swimmer, will tell you of the how and why of long-distance swimming in *A Swimming Marathon*.

You will read a thrilling two-part story of Sea Scouts called *The Log of the "Altair"* by Edith Ballinger Price; a story of a sailboat race, *Longest Way 'Round*, by Charles G. Muller; and even Bender takes to the water in *Bender's Kettle of Fish*.

Summer camping parties and picnics call for summertime foods. So *How to Cook at Camp* suggests many ways to answer the questions: "What foods shall I serve and eat?" "How shall I prepare delightful, new camp dishes?"

You will find, when September comes, that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has been a source of entertainment and help through the summer.

The coupon on page 36 will enable you to pass on the same gay experiences to some companion, a relative perhaps or a classmate. Or you may use the coupon to extend your own subscription for five months for fifty cents. You will want to do so today.

What Do You Want To Be?

(Continued from page 11)

she may be able to advise you whom to see.

Several warnings Dr. Kitson has for you that I wish you would set down in italics upon the tablets of your memory.

Avoid undertaking an occupation that requires more than you are sure you can give in the way of energy, vitality and mentality.

There are certain occupations which public opinion, for some reason, considers inappropriate for women. Unless, therefore, you are the pioneering type, it might be as well not to become a minister, a geologist or a mining engineer, to mention three named by Dr. Kitson.

Do not imagine that even the most subtle test can determine your vocation.

Before you choose, weigh carefully what you want from life and what rewards the various vocations offer. Some pay in money only, some in the applause of the public others in the chance to serve others.

MERCHANDISING is one of the best fields open to women today because sex is not a handicap as it still is in, let us say, law and medicine where women must be superlatively good to compete adequately with men often not nearly so good," Dr. Hayes told me, starting with the first item on our list of scheduled articles. "There are as many women buyers as men and no more is asked of them than is asked of the men. Especially is merchandising suitable for women who wish to work steadily toward promotions and higher salaries. On the other hand, since the beginning is drudgery, I would not recommend this field for the girl who merely wants an interesting job to fill in between graduation and marriage."

According to Dr. Hayes, the girl who hopes eventually to become a buyer must like business and have a talent for dealing with people. She must be able to judge values and to sense what customers are likely to be willing to buy. Financial rewards are relatively high, much higher than, for instance, in social service. The worker in the latter field, then, has to look for other compensation than money. She must be willing to take part of her pay in the satisfaction she gets from serving others. She must be interested in people and in social problems, willing to work long hours and go through trying emotional experiences. To the type of person suited to it, however, social work is infinitely more interesting than merchandising would be, because it is so varied and so closely connected with human problems.

Referring to the list again, Dr. Hayes picked work with books as another job that

is immediately interesting to girls just coming out of college. They find it amusing to read manuscripts, pleasant to be able to say to their friends that they are in such and such a famous publishing house. But unfortunately so many girls feel this way that they could fill all the publishing houses several times over. It is a field more than overcrowded.

A less crowded side of the book business, although perhaps also a bit less exciting, is the lending library or bookstore. A girl's job here, Dr. Hayes explained, means much more than merely wrapping the book, making change and handing the purchase over to the customer. To be successful, she must know books, must like to read them, and must be able to talk about them intelligently. Later on in this vocational series we shall more deeply discuss the intricacies of book selling but in the meantime, it is interesting to remember that bookshop ownership has an instinctive appeal to women and that many of them make a good living out of it. But it means having a rather large capital.

"As to applied art jobs," Dr. Hayes continued, "girls must realize that here they are entering a different field from that dominated by those who do art for art's sake. Temperament may be an asset in the case of art for art's sake but it emphatically is not in the other where specialized training and hard work are what count.

"Nursery schools offer one of the best of the newer opportunities for women because the field is not yet overcrowded. But none should apply here except the girl who is so interested in children that she actually likes to be with them continuously. There is scarcely a small city in the entire country that has not at least one or two experimental nursery schools. The larger cities have several of them usually. But more about these interesting psychological laboratories later on in the series.

ANOTHER line in which there are openings is dietetics. There is a new need for dieticians because so many public institutions, such as schools, have recently begun to make themselves responsible, in part at least, for feeding the groups they serve."

And even now, mind you, I have given you only a tiny foretaste of what subsequent issues of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* will bring to you in the way of vocational help. Each article will deal with some general type of work and will tell something of the various jobs in that field and the training and qualifications needed to fill them. Prepare to get as much as possible out of this series, by analyzing yourself as Dr. Kitson suggests, by using his hexagonal diagrammatic figure.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The first article will be by Jeanette Eaton and will cover the merchandising field. It will appear in September. In the meantime, write and tell us what you hope to do and why. Your letters may help to prepare future timely and helpful articles.



So Their World's A Stage

(Continued from page 29)

Palm Beach jungle. There they were able to gather such plants as the wild olive, cat's claw and snowberry. One of the prettiest sights to be seen was a limb of a gumbo limbo tree which had decayed and out of which beautiful green ferns were growing. The gumbo limbo tree was peeling and the bark, which is shiny and smooth, was red.

"On the second day there were three groups formed: one to hunt wild flowers, one to gather wild plants, and one to arrange the table on which the exhibition was to be placed. Everyone did her part and by the next day the project was beginning to look hopeful.

"On the third day the plants were arranged and a name placed on each one. The flower containers were milk bottles covered with bark of the cadjapat tree and held in place with doder. The exhibition was displayed on a table about ten feet long. A rock garden was arranged at the front of the table and in it were numerous kinds of water flowers, and ten goldfish which all hid under one lily pad. Around the edge of the pool were ferns, cactus (in bloom) and wild fruit-bearing plants. A series of steps was arranged at the back of the table and the wild flowers in jars were placed on them.

"Part of the eighteen-dollar prize award is being spent in painting and decorating a room which was donated as a meeting place."

A Rally and a Surprise

To show what the troop has done—practically, for all the world to see—is a splendid reason for the ever-popular rally. Lakewood, Ohio Girl Scouts had a delightful time at one of their recent semi-annual rallies. Virginia Hazelett writes:

"The thirteen troops represented all had tables. Among the most attractive was the Nature table, which bore specimens of leaves and seeds, and insects mounted on pins stuck in corks. Many rare and common species of butterflies caught by the Girl Scouts were exhibited. There were also tables devoted to exhibitions in Second Class cooking. And photographs taken at the Cleveland Girl Scout Camp at Bedford, Ohio seemed very interesting to our guests. Some troops exhibited examples of fine sewing, in layettes. Others showed bandages for use in Lakewood hospitals.

"Our troop, Number Seven Junior, put to use its knowledge of bandages, of First Aid in general, by tying five on one model who, placed upon a stretcher made of Girl Scout ropes, was carried about the room. Most attractive of all was THE AMERICAN GIRL table at which sixteen subscriptions were secured that evening! Two Girl Scouts who had passed the signaling tests sent and received messages suggested by a member of the audience.

"It was a full program for the evening but it seemed short to us. We were all so interested, I suppose. The occasion was especially memorable for me, for I had the rare privilege of meeting a Canadian Girl Guide, blue costume, wide-brimmed hat and all! She looked so attractive!"



CORINNE IS
WORRIED SICK
ABOUT FRECKLES

Monday, July 11th
This is my first day at Camp Algonquin—and I love it already! I have been assigned to a cabin called "Leni-Lenape Lodge" and the other five girls in with me are simply keen. I'm going to write down their names so that I'll always remember them.

Mary Louise Walton is a funny, little fat girl who is always playing jokes. Jane Slater is very tall and serious. She likes music. Corinne Rickert is blond and fair. She's been here a week and is worried sick about the freckles on her nose. Nancy Page is a gorgeous swimmer. The swimming-councilor thinks she's keen, and Nancy is going to help me learn to dive better. Ruth Hanna is interested in painting. The girls are building a tepee, and Ruth is decorating it with Indian signs.

It's almost time to sit around the campfire for our good-night circle, and I must close. I am writing this by the light of my Girl Scout Eveready Flashlight. I must write to Mother and tell her I'm glad she bought it for me. When I take the top off the Eveready, it sits upright just like a candle and gives a peachy light.

Wednesday, July 13th

There's so much going on—cooking, hiking, weaving, swimming, and all—that I hardly know what to put in my diary. Last night, we had the keenest fun of all—a Treasure Hunt.

The girls are divided into two groups—the Squaws and the Papooses. (Some girls call them the *Papeese*, like the joke about the plural of "moose" being "meese.") I'm a Squaw, and I'm certainly glad I have my Girl Scout Eveready Flashlight.

From Dorothy's Diary

We all gathered around the campfire, and when one of the directors blew her whistle, we scattered through the camp—trying to find directions. A girl by the name of Helen Eldridge, a Papoose, found the first directions and that gave them the first score. Then we went to the cook-cabin, and another Papoose found the directions again. I was afraid the Papooses were going to win, and then we would have had to prepare the entertainment-program for tonight.

The Treasure Hunt got terribly exciting after we found the directions in the cook-cabin. Note after note led us up hill and down—across plowed fields, over fences, and through the woods. Most of the girls had Evereadys, and those who didn't said it was no fun going around in the dark and tripping over sticks and stones. At the end of the trail, the scores were counted and the Squaws had won!



A WONDERFUL FEED

The treasure was a wonderful feed of roasted marshmallows, sandwiches and cocoa. Nancy Page, the girl who is teaching me to dive, has a Girl Scout Eveready too. But she didn't have Eveready Batteries and her light went out before the Treasure Hunt was over. I gave her two of mine, because a package came from Mother today and she had put in some new Eveready Batteries for me. But I don't think I'll need them. The ones in my flashlight are still bright.



Whether you go to camp or stay at home this summer, you'll need an Official Girl Scout Eveready Flashlight. Use it for night hikes, camping, canoeing, and beach-parties—whenever and wherever you move around at night. There are dark, dangerous places in the wide, open spaces—and right at home also. You need an Eveready!

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Last Call for a Garden

(Continued from page 17)

seedlings are large enough to stand watering. But if you notice that the earth in the box is dry, you will have to sprinkle them with as fine a spray as you have.

After several hours the boxes will probably be dried out enough to use, for you can't effectively plant seeds in muddy earth. Now take a thin stick and mark the soil off in furrows about three-quarters of an inch apart. On each package of seeds you will find directions for the depth at which you must plant your seeds—follow these exactly. The average is to cover them four times their depth with soil. This is very shallow as the seeds are small. Drop the seeds into these furrows one by one, or as thinly as you can. Then cover with soil and press it down with your hand. Don't forget to label the furrows so you will know what you have planted.

THE next step is to cover the box with a pane of glass or a newspaper—for seeds require no light at this stage, only moisture—and set it aside now in a shady place out of the wind. It should be watched, however, for dryness and for the first appearance of the tiny plants. When they begin to appear, the newspapers should be removed so that the plants may receive direct overhead light. Strong sun, of course, they cannot endure. If you have used glass for a covering, it is very important to leave it on until the plants are well up.

There is considerable variation in the length of time that seeds take to germinate. Some annuals will sprout in five days, others in twenty. But when your seedlings show their second pair of true leaves, they are ready to be moved to their permanent quarters.

Transplanting is not difficult if you remember two or three simple points. First, the beds must be ready before you start to transplant. Secondly, the seedlings must be watered well before they are moved. Thirdly, they should be protected from the sun and wind while you are working with them. This can be accomplished by laying a newspaper over the flat. When the seedlings have been moved into the border, they should be covered for a couple of days with a berry box until they are established. If you can do this transplanting on a gray, misty day, these precautions will not be necessary.

Let us assume now that your annuals are large enough to transplant, that you have watered the flat well and have covered it with paper. It is time then to make several small holes in the bed where you intend to set out your seedlings. Remove them one or, at the most, a few, at a time with the end of your trowel, taking some soil with each. Drop each seedling carefully into the hole so as not to damage the tiny roots. Firm the earth around it and cover it with a basket if the sun is strong. When you have transplanted all the seedlings in one flat, give them and the soil around them a

thorough watering. Follow this same method until all the transplanting is done.

Now to the consideration of what you are going to raise. Following is a list of annuals that are not difficult to grow. From this list you may decide what you would like to try. For convenience we shall divide the flowers into three groups according to size—the low ones, suitable for edging; the medium-sized ones for the center of the border; and the tall varieties which, of course, must be placed in the rear.

EDGINGS: *less than one foot in height; plants to be set out six to eight inches apart:*

sweet alyssum—white, fragrant
swan river daisy—blue, pink, white
california poppy—yellow, orange, pink, white. Hard to transplant. Sow seeds where plants are to grow.
godetia—white, rose, crimson
candytuft—white, purple, lavender
scarlet flax—red
virginia stock—white, red, lilac
nemesia—rose, orange, yellow, blue
petunia—pink, blue, purple, white
portulaca—yellow, orange, crimson, rose, white

PLANTS FOR MIDDLE OF BORDER: *one to three feet in height; plants to be set out about twelve inches apart:*

snapdragon — pink, rose, red, bronze, yellow. These plants must have support.
blue-eyed African daisy—white with blue center
browallia or amethyst—blue, lavender, white
calendula—orange
marigold—African and French, orange
cornflower—blue, pink, white
royal sweet Sultan—pink, yellow, lavender, purple
calliopsis—crimson, mahogany
African golden daisy—orange
gaillardia—red, orange
baby's-breath—white
straw flower—pink, red, yellow, maroon
mallow—rose
stock—rose, purple, blue, yellow
zinnia—pink, rose, yellow, salmon, purple

PLANTS FOR REAR OF BORDER: *three feet and over; plants to be set out about one to one and one-half feet apart:*

plumed cockscomb—salmon, red, yellow, purple
spider plant—purplish crimson
cosmos—white, pink, rose, mauve
miniature sunflower—yellow

BESIDES these plants there are two others that may be used with them—the gladiolus and the dahlia. It is well to use the latter as a hedge for this type of garden. As it makes a tall bushy plant, each tuber should



be set out about three to four feet apart and staked. Each should be placed, too, with the growing point up about four inches deep in rich soil. In the autumn the tubers must be dug up and stored in sand in the cellar, so that the purchase of dahlias becomes a permanent investment.

Gladioluses, too, can be had in a wide range of hues, and in many named varieties. Their corms should be planted about three inches deep,

in groups of perhaps a dozen, each one a couple of inches apart. In the autumn after the leaves have browned, they must be taken up and stored in sand just as the dahlias are. Inasmuch as they increase rapidly, a couple of dozen corms are a good investment to make.

There are several types of dahlias, pom-pom, the big decorative, the cactus and the peony-flowered. Each comes in a variety of colors, but personally the singles in salmon and copper appeal to me most.

In putting the plants into the borders, there are two or three essential facts to remember. First, the tall plants must be set in the rear of the bed, the medium-sized ones in the center, and the low ones in front. This gives a graduated effect that may be used in any kind of border—along a stone wall, a path or wherever you wish. You may occasionally break up this stepping stone arrangement by setting a medium or tall plant in the front. Secondly, your plants should be arranged in groups—and do not be afraid of large groups. Such large groups make effective masses of color and prevent the garden from looking spotty. Occasionally a single plant may be tucked in as accent, but only a few accents are needed. Small flowers should be placed in groups of seven, nine or eleven plants.

After your plants have made a good start, you will have to keep them growing by watering and cultivating. If a dry period comes, you will have to bring out the watering pot—evening is the best time for this—and soak them well. Weeds must be kept out of the garden, for they devour the nourishment intended for your flowers. Cultivation once a week with a claw will keep the soil in good condition.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If you plant the garden that Mrs. Lemmon suggests, or any variation of it inspired by her article, write us a letter about it, won't you? We want very much to know how your gardens grow.



"Information, Please!"

(Continued from page 15)

of a tall pile of dusty magazines in the attic, or even in bound volumes of various magazines.

Another book is devoted to cooking articles so that I have the nucleus of a cook book to which I may later add other tried and true recipes and cooking lore. A third book is devoted to what Girl Scouts are doing in other parts of this country and in foreign lands. A fourth is a party book containing games and ideas for parties. Another contains the puzzle pages. But my favorite in the whole collection is made of the pictures that appear as frontispieces in the magazines, and which are usually accompanied by choice bits of poetry.

THE easiest way, perhaps, is to go to the five and ten cent store and buy loose leaf notebooks that will take the page of the magazine and allow about a half-inch margin all around. I used the scrapbook with filler number 404 for the books in the illustration. These books have fairly strong covers which are tied with cord so that it is an easy matter to extend the book with new leaves. If you are making a scrapbook that is to be used often, I should advise using a pair of strong rings instead of the cord to fasten the leaves and covers together.

These covers may be left plain, or you may select an appropriate cover from THE AMERICAN GIRL and paste it over the cover. For instance, I chose the girl with the basket on her head for my travel book.

Another way to make a scrapbook is to buy the fillers—forty-eight leaves for ten cents—and make your own covers. This means more work, but some very lovely books may be made in this way. You will need the following material: cardboard for covers; material to cover the outside of the book; material for end papers; rings or cord to fasten the book together; a punch to punch the holes for the cord or ring; a ruler, a pencil, a sharp pair of shears and paste.

You may buy the cardboard and have it cut the proper size, or you may do as I did—cut it out of cardboard boxes. As for the decorative coverings, there are many kinds to use. I tried the starch paper which I made from directions found in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

I covered some of my books with wall paper. The one with the ships in the lower right-hand corner is covered with Christmas wrapping paper. A few I did with plain brown wrapping paper, another with yellow shelf paper, another with dyed crinkled paper, and still another with chintz. But your collection will look better if the books are bound uniformly.

End papers—the papers on the inside of the covers—are necessary even when you merely paste a picture on the outside of a ready-made cover with end papers of its own. Unless the end papers are used on the inside, the covers warp.

Any plain paper may be used for end papers—tablet paper, shelf paper or brown paper. Very attractive end papers can be made by crumpling up brown or white paper and dipping it in dye. After the crumpled paper is dyed, just press it lightly

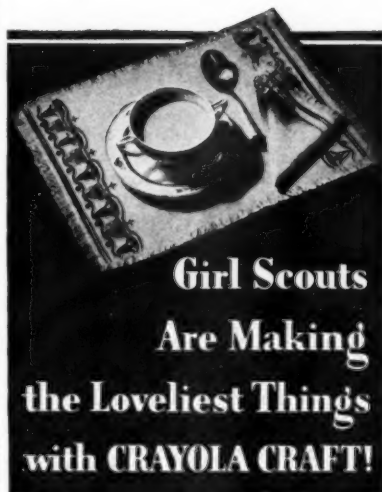
with a warm iron, taking care not to press out all crinkles. When it dries, it is ready to be measured and cut into end papers. Colored or patterned papers or wall papers also make new and attractive end papers. In order that you may avoid making discouraging mistakes, I am listing a few simple directions for making covers:

1. Cut the cardboard for covers about one-half inch longer and wider than the filler paper.
2. Cut the cover paper about one inch wider and longer than the cardboard cover.
3. Cut the end paper the exact size of the filler paper.
4. Set the cardboard cover exactly in the middle of the cover paper so that the margin is even all around. Draw a line around the cardboard, extending lines to edges of paper.
5. Cut out the little squares formed by these lines at each corner, and a little bit more so that the angle becomes obtuse instead of a right angle.
6. When all this has been done, collect the following:
 - a. Flour paste
 - b. Brush two inches wide
 - c. Clean cloth
 - d. A pile of newspapers
7. Cover one side of cardboard with paste.
8. Put paste on cover paper. Be sure that it is well covered and that the edges do not curl.
9. Put cardboard, paste side down, on the paper so that the edges follow or fit the pencil lines exactly.
10. Turn over on a clean piece of newspaper and remove all bubbles.
11. Turn over on a clean piece of newspaper and cover edges of other side with paste, and fold over first the ends, then the sides.
12. Cover inside cover with paste.
13. Paste the end paper and adjust evenly and rub in place.
14. Wrap in tissue paper and put under weights to dry.
15. When dry, punch holes and put on the fillers.
16. Fasten with rings or cord.

IN preparing material to go in the books it is wise to assemble the material you have on one topic. Next cut the margins carefully. I usually draw lines with a ruler and cut along these lines. Then arrange the material on pages as you want them to appear in the book. Lastly put a little glue or paste on a piece of paper. Dip the two top corners of the page in this and put in place. Be sure to keep your margins even. I sometimes put the overrun—the part of the story or article that is continued in the back of the magazine—underneath the final front of the book page.

If the scrapbook is to be used a great deal, it may be wise to cover the whole back of the magazine pages with paste and fasten them solidly in place.

EDITOR'S NOTE: These suggestions for covering scrapbooks may also be applied to making covers in which to bind copies of THE AMERICAN GIRL.



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Tenpenny Girl

(Continued from page 25)

people lost there and not found for a long time by these quiet, frightened families walking up and down. Suddenly she wished with all her heart that Claire and Ken would come, her father and mother, too, and all the fathers and mothers in the town. She wanted searching parties out. Davie was lost! She cupped her hands about her lips.

"Dave! Dave! Dave Keniston! Dave!" She dropped her hands. It seemed unbelievable that people should not have stopped down in the main street. She couldn't have called very loud. Even Mary and Peter and their father did not seem to have heard her.

"Dave! I'm so scared. Where are you?" From down under her feet there came a faint, cheerful answer.

"Meg! Sh-h-h! He's down here. He's O.K."

Meg wondered if she could have really heard it. She dropped on her knees.

"Chrissy! That you?"

"Yup."

Meg sank back to a sitting position, took a long breath, and spoke sternly.

"It's almost eight o'clock. What are you doing?"

No reply.

"Now you both come right straight up. What can you be doing down there? Come right up here!"

THERE was a minute's silence. Then Chrissy spoke again.

"We can't just yet. But we will soon."

"Can't! Is there anything the matter with either one of you?"

"Nope," came Chrissy's reassuring but rather absent answer. "We'll be out pretty soon."

"You'll both come up this minute," answered Meg, "or I'll be down after you."

Dave himself had a reply for that. "Aw, try and do it!"

Meg did try. She pulled and tugged at the corners of the old trap door until she had torn two finger nails. Still it had not yielded, not even slightly. The old hinges were rusted, the planks heavy as lead. She sat back on her heels and nursed her fingers. It had grown dark and the moon was rising.

"I can't open the door," she told them.

"Course not," came Dave's scornful voice again. "They's a trick."

"What is it?" demanded Meg.

Chrissy answered patiently. "He can't tell. It's a gang secret."

Meg shook with pure exasperation. Still she wasn't too old to understand a little. "Well, push it open, then!"

"Aw," growled Dave, "go 'long home!"

She was turning away, ready to race down the hill for the Andrews and perhaps a policeman or two, feeling much more in sympathy with Spice's father's wrath than she would have believed possible, when her glance fell again on the dim outline of the little old ladder. She drew up sharply. Why, the ladder

was up here! Those children couldn't reach the door to push it up! They were trapped in their dungeon! Oh, the poor innocents—and such spunky, saucy little voices!

"Dave! Chrissy! I've been so stupid. I didn't realize— Listen, I'll have somebody here in no time. Just wait a minute. How ever could it happen? Never mind now. I'll be right back."

SHE heard a faint clamor as she sped away. She thought perhaps they were crying. They must be so relieved, the poor babies—that she understood, that they would be taken care of. Chrissy especially. A little girl like that—

"Mr. Andrews! Mary! Peter! Oh, Peter! Come up here quick! I've found them!"

They met in a little group at the edge of the sidewalk. Meg's words tumbled over one another, trying to explain. Peter rolled away for tools from the garage. Mr. Andrews ran over to the stable for a lantern. Meg and Mary went up toward the jail, talking and laughing tremulously.

"Their voices, Mary—"

"What a long time—"

"Mary! Mary, look at that!"

Just ahead of them lay the stone flagging atop which Dorothy Small had sat all afternoon. Now a small block of granite was being pushed from the inside out. It came slowly, scraping at the edges. At last it tottered, and fell with a rumble into the goldenrod. Then a hush. And out into the moonlight came Dave's round, brown head. Carefully, his shoulders. Finally his legs. Mary and Meg drew back into a shadow.

"Phew!" said Dave softly. "Phe-ew! C'mon, Chris!"

And outside came Chrissy, torn, bedraggled, and covered with spider webs.

"Phew!" said Chrissy. "Say, there come Peter and dad! Didn't we beat 'em good?"

"Quick!" Dave told her. "Get this stone block in. Nobody can know. It's got to be a gang secret."

They staggered putting that block into place. Mary took an involuntary step forward to help them, but Meg held her back. Chrissy patted the goldenrod into shape.

"Too bad, I guess, I know the secret way out, Dave," she told him. "I won't ever tell anyone, though, honest I won't."



Dave wheeled on her.

"Aw, that's all right. You're a Tenpenny girl. You belong."

"Dave, honest! Oh, Dave, can I? S'pose the other fellas will let me?"

"Am I captain?" demanded Dave. "You belong." He kicked at the grass roots. "Only thing, Chris—we needn't tell 'em too much. You can just tell 'em how I took up that ladder, foolin', after the rest of the fellas had gone, and then how I jumped down in with you. But we'd better not tell 'em anything 'bout how Dorothy tipped that door down over us. That girl must be kind of crazy, I guess. 'Course she skipped for home when she couldn't get it open again any way she tried. Say, she's an awful 'fraidy, ain't she?"

"Don't you s'pose she got dirty, pulling at that door?" giggled Chrissy.

"Aw, I hope so," chuckled Dave. "Just black!"

They glanced up and saw Chrissy's family turning up from the sidewalk.

Chrissy clutched suddenly at Dave's sleeve. "And—we needn't tell 'em," she said hastily, "you know—'bout me finding the hole to put the nail in; and how to stand up on it on one foot that way—and which rocks to push, and like that. You would've found it if you'd took that side I did. I just kind of saw it first."

Dave kicked hard at the grass and protested gratefully. "Aw, Chris—"

Mr. Andrews and Peter came hurrying up and stopped short before the two little figures. Then Mr. Andrews swooped down on Chrissy and swung her to his shoulder.

WELL, kitten! However did you get shut in there?"

"Accident," said Chrissy briefly.

"Somebody shut you in? Mischievous?"

"Accident," repeated Chrissy.

Mr. Andrews laughed. "All right then. But we'll see there are easy ways of opening that place before you play there any more. And how did you get out?"

Chrissy looked at Dave.

"It's a clubroom down there," Dave told him, hands in pockets. "Tenpenny Gang. We can get out if only we've got a tenpenny nail. We just found the way."

"No!" ejaculated Peter. "Say, you really know the combination? Come on, Dave, show me, will you? I've got a lantern."

Dave drew himself up. "Can't. It's our special meeting place. We're earning money to buy it. Can't anybody know but us."

"How about Chrissy?" asked Mr. Andrews with a twinkle. "She must know."

"Course," answered Dave shortly. "She's a Tenpenny girl. She belongs."

Mr. Andrews' eyes widened. "Belongs, does she? Like it, kitten?"

"Oooh," sighed Chrissy rapturously, "it's grand! And Dave's the grandest captain!" she added sleepily. "Just the grandest!"

Meg seized Mary delightedly.

"Worth it," she whispered. "Worth it, every bit! It's just as I thought. Why, Chrissy's so wise! Oh, Chrissy'll do."

But aloud she was saying, "Well, come along, Captain. You must be hungry. And we both want to turn in before Claire gets back—not that I doubt there'll be time, if I know Claire."

OUR PUZZLE PACK



The Weather Proverb

An interesting hike had been planned by one of our Girl Scout troops. Everything was in readiness and all depended upon the weather. But alas! When that long awaited Saturday dawned, it was raining proverbial pitchforks. It was not a very pleasing prospect for the day's fun.

However, there was one girl who was not discouraged as she looked out on the downpour early that morning. An old weather proverb came to her mind which gave hope that the day might not be spoiled after all.

There are thirty-two letters in this saying. The names of the eight objects which are pictured in the smaller panels above are also made up of these same thirty-two letters, appearing in the order shown by the numbers. What is the proverb?

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. Ten-footed shell fish (plural).
2. A military rampart.
3. To worship.
4. A flat-bottomed vessel.
5. Expression of scorn.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, bring a SHIP into PORT in five moves.

A Charade

My first is in gay, but never in sad.
My second, in laddie, is never in lad.
My third's found in ride, but never in walk.

My fourth, in silent, is also in talk.
My fifth is in seat, and likewise in stand.
My sixth's found in ocean, but never in land.

My seventh, in coffee, is never in tea.
My eighth is in you, but never in me.
My ninth is in two, but never in four.
My tenth is in less, but never in more.
My whole is a helper of the wide world round.

Now you guess the name of these people renowned.

By MARTHA JEAN BARRINGER, Glendale, Calif.

Concealed Names

A girl's name is concealed in each of the following sentences:

1. Are the little birds learning to fly?
 2. I am glad an oak tree is growing in our yard.
 3. Don't stand on the sofa; you know I forbid it.
 4. I dance at that theater every night.
 5. I did not mar that desk.
 6. My rabbit doesn't like cheese.
 7. She did not want a permanent wave nor a marcel.
 8. Mother, may I go to see my friend?
- By ROMAIN GINGRICH, Troop 55, Palmyra, Pa.

Ye Olde Time Riddle

What is the most warlike nation?

By PHYLLIS CASSEY, Newburgh, N. Y.

A Cake Puzzle

1. Which cake is found in the sea?
2. Which cake is a game played by boys?
3. Which cake is a measure of weight?
4. Which cake is a beverage?
5. Which cake is made out of china?
6. Which cake tells its own length?
7. Which cake is very bright?
8. Which cake is too good for us to eat?

By JANET DAGGETT, Santa Monica, Calif.

ANSWERS TO OUR LAST PUZZLES

THE "S-C" PUZZLE: Scabbard, scaffolding, scales, scallop edge, scalp, scarecrow, scarf, scene, scepter, schedule, scholars, schoolroom, school books, school teacher, schooner, scimitar, scissors, scoop, score, Scotchman, Scout, scowl, scrap, scrawl, screen, screws, scribble, scribbler, scrub brush, sculptor, sculpture, scuttle, scythe.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:
K E T C H
E V E R Y
T E P I D
C R I E R
H Y D R A

WORD JUMPING: ROSE, rise, rill, will, wily, lily.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: A centipede with chilblains.

A CHARADE: CROCHES. The five added letters spell ARROW.

CONCEALED SEAS: 1. Red 2. Black 3. Irish 4. North 5. Baltic.

JUMBLED FLOWERS: 1. Orchids 2. Marigolds 3. Asters 4. Iris 5. Morning Glory 6. Sweet Peas 7. Honeysuckles 8. Hollyhocks 9. Flag Lilies 10. Daisies 11. Sweet Alyssum 12. Roses 13. Gentians 14. Petunias 15. Violets 16. Poppies.

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE · EDITOR

CONTENTS for JUNE, 1933

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE



MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE. Although she is well-known as a contributor to women's magazines, she makes her first appearance in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* this month with her article *What Do You Want to Be?*

She was born on a prairie farm in Missouri and was graduated from William Woods College and from the University of Missouri. She writes of herself: "The first thing I ever wrote was a poem about the ocean. I was six and a half and had never seen the ocean. I have never written a poem since. That one won a prize in a children's contest in a paper. That settled it. From then on, all the family agreed that I would be an author. I thought so, too, and did not bother to prepare for matrimony by learning to cook and sew as did my friends. The result is that they are all married and I am not."

"I worked my way through college on a little morning newspaper that lasted just long enough for me to get my degree. My most interesting work in New York City was on the old *Evening Mail*. I was a feature writer and contributed one signed article a day on any subject I pleased. I was sent to Europe twice by the *Mail*. I have written seven books—*The Story of Dwight W. Morrow*, *Jazz*, *Charm*, and with Helen Josephy, *Paris Is a Woman's Town*, *London Is a Man's Town*, *New York Is Everybody's Town*, and *Beer and Skittles*, a German guide."

FLORENCE E. LEMMON.

Mrs. Lemmon came to gardening from Wall Street. "When I graduated from Vassar," she writes, "I found only two respected professions open to women—teaching and missionary work. I was fitted for neither, but how business did allure me! In those days nice girls stayed at home and twiddled their thumbs. But college had ruined me for a nice girl and into Wall Street I plunged. Even after I was married I could not keep away from the fascination of its grind and excitement." She began, however, to work in her garden



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week-ends to relieve the strain of business. Later, when she came to take gardening, as well as business seriously, Mrs. Lemmon made notes on both her reading and her horticultural successes and failures. A kindly editor poking among the papers on her desk one day suggested that she send an article to a magazine. She did. Back came a check and she was launched on gardening and garden writing in earnest. "When the small Ann came," she says, "I gave up business—temporarily, I thought. But I have not gone back, even though within the last year I have received two alluring offers to return."

RUTH KING. "Three flights up—three bright red geraniums in the window box—but if I think very hard I can remember an old house with a big yard and a garden back in Chicago," says Ruth King, illustrator of the popular Cynthia stories. "Having an artist for a grandfather, the family were not surprised when I began to wield a pencil at an early age—and the Art Institute

of Chicago was inevitable. Later there was a miserable period of trying to do commercial art, broken by a winter in Arizona, sketching, and a jaunt to Egypt with the same alibi. Then a key to a studio in Greenwich Village with directions to 'go through a big big green gate, turn to the left and up two flights, along a little hall and down four steps.' The studio belonged to Erick Berry—and my career in New York was started."

"The housetops in the sketch of Cynthia on the balcony in *Corned Beef Hash*, which appeared in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* in April, are taken from my Paris sketch book—and by some miracle it is the scene Erick Berry describes, because we both happened to stay at the same little Left Bank hotel and knew it well."



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STORIES

Longest Way 'Round, by Charles G. Muller, is a thrilling story of a sailboat race for The Commodore's Trophy. Ellen Wakefield, gaining the captaincy of the craft *Anti-Femina* by a ruse, proves that a girl can pilot a boat to victory even when there isn't any wind!

July also begins a three-part story by Edith Ballinger Price called *The Log of the "Altair."* This is a thrilling story about Sea Scouts and a cruise filled with excitement and mystery. Followers of this popular author will await the story with great eagerness.

Scatter returns in the August issue. This time the story tells of her adventures with Bingo Baxter and Nancy Greenough at Camp Andree. The things she does in order to add *Land Animal Finder* to her collection of badges will keep you rocking with laughter. There is only one Scatter!

Bender, good old Bender, gets into a *Kettle of Fish* in the next story to ap-

pear soon. Donna takes him on a cruise with the salmon fishing fleet off Vancouver. Bender foils a villain and has a royal good time doing it.

AND ARTICLES

How to Make Jigsaw Puzzles. Anyone can put together a jigsaw puzzle (if all the pieces are there!) but you will want to know how to make the puzzles themselves. In the July issue Anna Coyle tells you how in detail.

A Swimming Marathon, in the July issue, tells you the how and why of long-distance swimming. In this interview with Ethel McGary, former Olympic star, you will learn the training secrets of some famous swimmers and how you may improve your swimming form.

Stunts for Sandbars, by Lucile Marsh, is another from the fascinating list of articles to appear during the summer. You will read about books, good looks, cooking, poetry and learn how to make clothes and half a hundred other fascinating pursuits and pastimes.

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